

OUR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS ARE ON PAGES 15 and 16.

# The Daily Mirror.

No. 71.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, JANUARY 25, 1904.

One Penny

THE COMING  
NEWSPAPER STRUGGLE.

WILL THE

## WEEKLY DISPATCH, WIN?

Alarm of "Lloyd's Newspaper."

THE SUDDEN AND  
PHENOMENAL RISE

of the  
"WEEKLY DISPATCH"  
has fallen like a bombshell  
in the camp of the other  
SUNDAY JOURNALS.

The rapid growth  
of the  
"WEEKLY DISPATCH"  
is the  
most remarkable event in  
modern day journalism.

THE REASON

IS THAT THE

## WEEKLY DISPATCH

IS A

SUNDAY PAPER . . . .  
WITH NEW NEWS IN IT.

See Yesterday's Issue for CLUES to the £,3000 HIDDEN by the "Weekly Dispatch."



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# THE REASON IS THAT THE WEEKLY DISPATCH SUNDAY PAPER WITH NEW NEWS IN IT.

See Yesterday's Issue for CLUES to the  
£3,000 HIDDEN by the "Weekly Dispatch."

## HAVE YOU MET THE NEW HEROINE?

There is a Change for Better—or is it for Worse?—in  
the Woman of the Modern Novel.

ABANDONED. By W. Clark Russell. (Methuen. 6s.)  
THE SIRDAR'S OATH. By Bertram Mitford. (F. V. White. 6s.)  
THE AMERICAN PRISONER. By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen. 6s.)  
KITTY COSTELLO. By Mrs. Alexander. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

To watchers of the sky so far as fiction is concerned there has appeared a new star near the horizon in the shape of a new heroine. She is not necessarily either good nor bad. She may be briefly described as the unexplained heroine, and she is something of a relief.

Novel readers, for instance, who are tired of having the whole silly temperament of the modern neurotic woman analysed and expounded, and her slightest folly seriously accounted for, will turn with an added pleasure to Mr. Clark Russell's latest story—"Abandoned."

So far as it is a story of the sea—and of course it is a story of the sea—it is just a workmanlike tale of adventure, wherein Mr. Clark Russell is wise and courageous enough to go right back to Robinson Crusoe for his theme. His hero, is, in fact, wrecked on the familiar desert island of our youth. There he makes his own boats, furniture, fishing-nets, etc., with great ingenuity, and is picked up, an old man, after eight years.

### A Clark-Russell Wreck.

There is, one may add, a description of the necessary wreck and fire combined, couched in Mr. Clark Russell's approved style. The wind "howled in fury throughout the leaden morn"; the ship, "labouring furiously, swung her spars in maddening sheerings against the rushing soot of the storm"; the torn canvas "shrieked as it was carried like a pennant at a rolling mast-head"; the shattering water "fell like an avalanche, self-buried from the mountain brow"; and, "through the fore-hatch, tongues of scarlet fire soared, like the furnace-wings of the smoke, shrivelling shroud and stay, blackening and cracking and cinder-colouring every mast and spar."

More important, however, than all this kind of thing, which Mr. Clark Russell has done very well before, is his charming treatment of the heroine, who is quite a remarkable young woman. For directly she comes home from marrying the skipper, to whose embraces she has hitherto yielded with every appearance of satisfaction, she runs upstairs, locks herself in her bedroom, and refuses to live with him.

One instantly senses some mystery, to be unravelled, possibly, in the last chapter. Had she been studying cheap science? Was there a passion for the curate?

No! One closes the book upon the delightful information that there was nothing reasonable about it at all. The skipper was a good fellow, and she loved him all the time, and was quite an ordinary girl. It was just her silliness. In-

comprehensible her motives may have been, but one thanks Mr. Clark Russell for his quiet hint that when a girl's motives are incomprehensible it may possibly be for the simple reason that there are none to comprehend.

### The Lady and the Parchment.

In some other novels of the moment, the heroines are, in the same way, unexplained and unflattered. Indeed, in "The Sirdar's Oath," by Bertram Mitford, we have a pair of ladies both of whom differ materially from the ingenue of convention. "The Sirdar's Oath," has it may be premised, no connection with any profanity on the part of Colonel Sir Reginald Wingate.

It is a love-tale of the North-West Frontier, in which a promising young political agent is engaged to a very objectionable girl in England, who jilts him and then chases him out to India, where she finds her place taken by a sort of Anglo-Indian semi-sorceress.

This latter lady was gifted with second sight, walked in her sleep, rescued the hero from a frontier tribe, and did other weird things, but she, too, proves in the end to be mere flesh and blood. She was in fact so much in love with the political agent that she handed over all her fortune to him. He tore up the deed.

There was a harsh, staccato sound of tearing. The parchment lay upon the floor, crumpled and torn in several places. But she who had handed it to him seemed to share its violent

treatment, for she was crushed to him in a close embrace.

### A Feminine Suicide.

There is no need to explain sorcery after that! If, on the other hand, one needs to read of a real-life sorceress, one who earned the title neither by magic nor by beauty, but by sheer ancient depravity of temperament, he may find such a one splendidly sketched in the wicked old hag of a servant, who lives evilly and dies horribly, according to Mr. Eden Phillpotts's thrilling story of his own Dartmoor.

It is entitled "The American Prisoner," and deals with the time, a century ago, when Dartmoor was the site of a great war-prison. Mr. Phillpotts has many horrors to relate, but nothing so utterly shocking as the character of old Lovey Lee—for that, strange to say, was her name.

She stole her master's heirloom—a priceless vase—and cursed him for leaving her only £1,000. She lived on barley bread and rancid grease, and berries and acorns and stewed snails, and she inhabited a peat hut, with an ill-kept donkey for companion, and also for pillow. The scarecrows were her milliners, and avarice was her vice.

When her hoarded wealth was discovered and the vase gone, she killed herself, as thus:—

"Curse! Never I heard such a hail of gashly curses. She tore an' snatched, an' grabbed. Then she knowed 'twas all up wi' her. 'Twas awful what comed after. Her



Mr. Keyes, who plunged into a boiling sea to save a drowning sailor.

# PETER ROBINSON'S OXFORD-ST.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

## Special Sale for One Week Only

Previous to commencing  
extensive internal  
alterations in our  
Oxford Street Premises.

THE REMAINING SURPLUS STOCK  
WILL BE  
OFFERED AT CLEARING PRICES.

heart cracked. I heard a sound like a wood-  
pecker tapping, an' looked, an' seed her head  
ing her head in with a gert stone. I seed her  
But she couldn't die that way, so she went to  
rock an' flinged herself against it, 'till she  
like a ram butting. An' then she rolled over  
over an' over into the river. God's my judge  
I'd have saved her if it had been any other  
mortal she!"

### Mrs. Alexander's Last Word.

After these dark and uncanny types of feminine  
ity, one emerges into the light of day—her story an  
unconventional day—to discover the entire re-  
assuring, bright, and beautiful figure of "Kitty  
Costello," the last, but by no means the least,  
the late Mrs. Alexander's enchanting heroine.  
Kitty is, needless to say, an Irish girl, and  
Alexander pictures her coming to England, where  
came in the forties. Few who open the story will  
fail to be interested in the England of the forties,  
but, if they are, they certainly cannot possibly  
resist the Irish girl of the forties.

One may add that in reality Mrs. Alexander  
herself is the heroine of "Kitty Costello," for  
because she very palpably was Kitty Costello, and  
because this was the last book she wrote, and  
because it was written at the good old age of  
seventy-seven it is as brisk and fresh and happy  
and full of the joy of life as if it had been written  
at seventeen.

"She had said," writes Miss Duffus Hardy in  
a pretty preface, "that the day when she sat  
reluctantly to work should be the last of her  
literary career. That day never came."

## Dived in a Raging Sea.

Heroic Attempt to Save Life During  
a Gale.

A gallant action is recorded on the part of the  
second officer of the American Line steamer "New  
York" on her arrival at Plymouth on Saturday.

Whilst on the outward journey the "New York"  
encountered a very heavy gale, during which the  
of the sailors was swept into the water by a  
wave.

Without a moment's hesitation the second officer,  
Mr. Keyes, sprang into the water with the object  
of rescuing the poor fellow, although the sea was  
running so wildly that no boat could possibly have  
lived in it.

Unfortunately before Mr. Keyes could reach the  
drowning sailor the latter was seen to lose his  
of the lifebuoy which had been thrown to him, and  
he sank. Mr. Keyes was safely hauled back on  
board in an exhausted condition.

The Christmas holidays being over, the managers  
of "The Winter Babies" at the Garrick Theatre will  
shortly come to an end. "The Cricket on the  
Hearth" will then hold the Garrick Theatre  
Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, as well as  
every evening.



# TO-DAY'S BEST NEWS.

No reply has yet been received by Japan from the Russian Government. Korea has declared neutrality in the event of war she will remain neutral.—(Page 3.)

Several accidents occurred during Saturday's racing.—(Page 6.)

The small town of Aalesund, on the Norwegian coast, has been destroyed by fire.—(Page 3.)

The elephants engaged in the daily performance at the Hippodrome created a scene by leaving the manager's room.—(Page 5.)

The miserable story of the married life of a French lady journalist, who has just divorced her husband, is told on page 4.

Several persons have lately added to their wealth by discovering "Dispatch" treasure tokens.—(Page 3.)

# To-Day's Arrangements.

Dinner of Connaught and Lord Charles Beresford at the opening dinner of the Ireland Club, Hotel Connaught.

Consecration of the Bishops of Gibraltar and London, Westminster Abbey, 10.30.

Mr. F. Goulding, M.P., on "Tariff Reform," at the Town Hall, 8 p.m.

Price distribution of the City and Guilds of London Institute at the Mansion House.

Mr. Geo. Clamen, A.R.A., on "Open-air Painting," at the Royal Academy.

Concert in aid of the Women's Industrial Council, at the Palace, W., 8.30.

First of the manuscript of "Paradise Lost," by John Milton, at the National Institute.

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# THEATRE DANGERS.

The Committee Comments Severely on Drury Lane.

Complaints are made by the Theatres Committee of the London County Council that the defective provision made for the safety of audiences and actors in case of fire.

The Committee will call the Council's attention to the fact that the seats in the stalls and other places of amusement should be provided with the nearest fire station. At present the seats are made of wood and are not fireproof.

The Committee is to come under severe criticism for bringing the theatre to the attention of the Council.

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# VALUE FOR MONEY.

The Englishman's passion for "getting his money's worth" out of everything was amusingly shown in the journey across France.

The Englishman had the misfortune to break a pane in his carriage. The hole was small, but he had to pay for it.

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# THE "ARCHDUCAL ROMANCE."

Statements have been made concerning the Archduke's love Ferdinand Charles.

The Archduke's love Ferdinand Charles.

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# TOUCHY STUDENTS.

Some student is almost as touchy as a cat. Some workmen at Carlisle.

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# FIRE DESTROYS 12,000 HOMES.

## Norwegian Town Wholly Wiped Out—Inhabitants Now Without Shelter in Cruelly Severe Weather.

An appalling disaster has befallen the town of Aalesund, situated on a small island on the West Coast of Norway.

Aalesund is the centre of an important cod fishery, and contains some twelve thousand inhabitants. Early on Saturday morning a fire broke out. A high wind was blowing at the time, and the flames spread with a rapidity that verged on the miraculous.

Soon three-quarters of the town were in the embrace of the flames; the church and public buildings all caught fire; and all efforts made to stay the spread of the conflagration proved unavailing.

The blaze continued till only the customs warehouse and twenty or thirty small houses were left standing. Not only the homes, but the means of

perished in the fire, but the exposure will probably lead to much loss of life.

Assistance has been hurried to the scene. The Norwegian Government at once sent a small steamer from Bergen with supplies and medical stores, and money, clothes, and provisions for the sufferers are being sent from all parts of Norway.

Help has been quickly forthcoming from Germany. The North German Lloyd steamer Weimar and the Hamburg-American liner Phenicia left yesterday afternoon, laden with provisions, medical comforts, bedding, food, and a staff of doctors and nurses, and another steamer leaves to-day. The Phenicia can give shelter to 4,000 people.

The Emperor William has telegraphed to the



How the fire swept through Aalesund.

subsistence of the unhappy inhabitants has been destroyed. Two steam fishing smacks, a steamer, and the smaller craft in the harbour were burned, and the damage done (says Reuter) is estimated at £1,000,000—a vast sum for a poor country like Norway.

Pitiful scenes are being witnessed. The weather is cruelly severe, and the wretched twelve thousand, robbed of their all, are suffering the severest physical privation in addition to their distress of mind. Singular to say, only two persons

German Consul-General that the armoured cruiser Prinz Heinrich with a number of surgeons and a supply of medical stores has been dispatched to the wrecked town.

The naval captain, Von Grunne, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, goes as representative of the Emperor William.

Two relief committees have been formed, and subscription lists have been opened. The King and Queen of Norway have contributed 6,000 kroner.

# JAPAN LOSING HOPE OF PEACE.

## Talk of an Ultimatum—Russian Fleet Prepares for Emergency.

### TSAR'S VEILED THREAT.

Russia has still not communicated her overdue reply to Japan, and the impression is gaining ground that the reply, when it is received, will not be acceptable to the Tokio Government.

The "Kokumin," one of the soberest journals in Japan, declares that every hope of securing the country's legitimate demands by diplomatic means has now been abandoned. A significant point is the issue of an Imperial ordinance forbidding fishing near fortified places on the coast, and forbidding any marine work that is considered inimical to Japanese naval interests.

The "Daily Mail's" Yokohama correspondent states that it is understood that Japan will not wait beyond January 27 for the Russian reply, but will then issue what will be practically an ultimatum.

Preparations are going on with feverish haste at Port Arthur, into which troops are pouring from the north. The Russian fleet is outside with steam up, and even the removal of non-combatants is being considered.

It is reported that serious defects have been discovered in some of the newest vessels, and great apprehension is expressed as to the scarcity of food. It is stated that the supplies would hardly last five months.

Japanese versions of the recent interviews between the Tsar and M. Kurino, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, do not attribute to the Tsar the tone of conciliation ascribed to him in Europe. They declare that the Tsar reminded M. Kurino that Russia was a strong Power.

of removing non-combatants from places of possible danger, and ships are being held in readiness for the purpose.—Reuter's Special.

A "New York Herald" telegram says ten murders are committed at Port Arthur every week.

"A VAST PIECE OF BLUFF."

PARIS, Saturday.

A St. Petersburg despatch to the "New York Herald" (Paris edition) says:—

"The opinion prevalent at Court is that there will be no war, not because Russia fears war, but because Japan will keep quiet. Her attitude is regarded as one vast piece of bluff. I learn from an excellent source that no concession will be made to Japan whatever happens. It is intended to put an end to the negotiations as soon as possible, the best of reasons for doing so being that the present situation is costing Russia a million roubles a day."—Reuter.

KOREA DECLARES NEUTRALITY.

SEOUL, Saturday.

The Korean Government has declared that it will observe neutrality in the event of war between Russia and Japan. The British Minister has expressed his approval of this course of action.—Reuter.

VEILED THREAT TO CHINA.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.

The "Syet" to-day says that any despatch of Chinese troops to the north of the Great Wall, where the Russian sphere of influence is, would mean an outbreak of war not of Japan against Russia, but of China against Russia.—Reuter.

### GRATEFUL TO HIS MAJESTY.

According to Mr. G. Borley, who presided at the annual dinner of the City of London Master and Foreman Tailors' Society on Saturday evening, the King never wears the same suit of clothes twice. If only for this, he said, in proposing the loyal toast, tailors ought to be grateful to his Majesty.

# The Treasure Hunt.

## Fortune Smiled on Many Searchers Yesterday.

Two more districts in London have yielded up their hidden treasure. Out of the thousands and thousands of persons searching the metropolis yesterday for the "Weekly Dispatch" discs fortune smiled on two men—one in Paddington, the other in Wandsworth.

But besides these successes in London, since the publication of yesterday's "Weekly Dispatch," discs have been found at Rochdale, Birmingham, Ramsgate, and Dublin, and successes are also reported at Oldham, Bolton, Bradford, and Leeds.

Two discs, each of the value of £25, were found at Rochdale; one of £20 at Birmingham; and two of £10 at Ramsgate. Full particulars of the other successes have not yet been received.

Fifty Pounds in Five Minutes.

The medallion at Wandsworth was found by an unemployed warehouseman, Walter Haynes, of 101, Thurlow-street, Westmoreland-road, who, in company with his brother George, reached the "Weekly Dispatch" offices yesterday morning with the earliest arrivals. By 2.30 a.m. he had secured a copy of the paper.

The two straightway set out with the intention of searching in Bermondsey and Rotherhithe. But there they found so large a crowd already that they put their heads together and discussed what was the best thing to do under the circumstances.

They decided to try Wandsworth, and with all speed started off again. Again they found a large crowd—quite 200 persons—already searching in the darkness. But they were not to be deterred this time, and Walter Haynes, holding a match in his hand, read out the clues to his brother George, as follows:—

Near at hand was a mound with some trees on it. Close by was a smaller one, from the side of which the earth appeared to have been scooped out. The turf overhung in places, and offered any number of opportunities for concealing the medallion which is to add £50 to the banking account of some intelligent seeker.

### Left no Name.

The brothers groped backwards and forwards for a brief five minutes, then with a cry of joy Walter Haynes exclaimed, "I've found it!" His brother rushed to his side and found that there was no mistake; they had indeed secured the disc entitling the finder to £50.

The excitement arising from his good fortune had so taken hold of the labourer who yesterday found the disc hidden in Paddington that he omitted to leave his name and address at the "Weekly Dispatch" office. He merely waited to display his disc, and then, shouting that he would be at the office to-day to obtain his money, dashed off to acquaint his friends of his good fortune.

One of the men who has found a medallion at Ramsgate, Henry Thorington, of Waterworks Cottages, was on his way home to breakfast. He noticed that there were finger-marks in the earth under a hedge beside a path off Pegwell-road. After searching for a few minutes he found the medallion. The other lucky man was Alfred Stead, living in Central-road.

### Preacher Points a Moral.

The Rev. Walter P. Goodwin, in his sermon at Clare College Mission, Rotherhithe, taking Matthew, ch. xiii., v. 44, "Again, the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto treasure hidden in a field," as his text, proceeded to interpret his theme by a striking allusion to the "Weekly Dispatch" treasure search.

"The deep interest that is being taken in this searching for hidden treasure is universal," said the preacher. "We are all watching the result of it, and I have been struck with the thoroughness and sincerity of the hundreds who have taken up the opportunity afforded them to secure so much wealth."

"The hidden treasure is not found without much pain or thought; so it is true of Christ. Who when on earth left His blessings for those who would to find."

### TAXES ON ENTERPRISE.

On every poster exhibited upon a French hoarding you notice a little adhesive stamp. This represents the tax which has been paid for the poster. Apparently there is some idea of introducing such a tax into this country.

The Foreign Office recently despatched a circular to his Majesty's representatives abroad inquiring as to the laws in force on the Continent and America for the regulation and taxation of public advertisements.

The return is just published, and shows that our own is practically the only European country in which there is no advertisement censor and no regulation over hoarding notices, sandwichmen, and the like.

France has been drawing a yearly increasing income from the advertisement tax. In 1840 the revenue from this source was £26,053; for the current year it was £157,780. Fancy dresses and eccentricities on the part of the sandwichman are forbidden.

### MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT DUBLIN.

Speaking last night at Dublin, Mr. Winston Churchill said he was an excommunicated politician. His constituency had no confidence in him, and seemed to take delight in telling him so. But a still more serious reverse had overtaken him.

The Prime Minister, of whom he was a humble supporter, in sending the customary letter to his supporters inviting them to attend the opening of Parliament, had neglected to send him one. He hoped, however, to be there, as he had several things he badly wanted to say.

Hope has been almost abandoned of the missing French transport La Vienne, and the cruisers sent in search of her have been recalled.

Seventy per cent. of the available male adult population of the Transvaal have given their signatures in favour of Asiatic labour.

An ichthyosaurus, the first ever found in South America, has been unearthed in Chili.



# MARRIAGES MADE IN GERMANY AND ELSEWHERE.

A Glance at the Lottery Called Matrimony, with Various Typical Examples Culled from Sources High and Low.

## MR. SIMS'S DOG RESTORED

"Prin" Discovered by a "Mirror" Reader, Who Found Him in Portman-square.

There is peace once more at "Opposite the Ducks."

"Prin," Mr. George R. Sims's Yorkshire terrier, has been restored to its distracted owner by a lady who had read about his disappearance in the *Daily Mirror*.

The history of his wanderings, as related by Mr. Sims, is truly pathetic. On Thursday he went for his usual stroll in the Park, and the little dog was seized with a fit of mental aberration. He forgot who he was, and where he lived.

Later in the day a lady found him sitting on a doorstep in Portman-square trying to collect his scattered thoughts. The good Samaritan picked him up, carried him home, and made him comfortable pending the issue of an advertisement. On Saturday she read in the *Daily Mirror* of Mr. Sims's loss, and at once restored Prin to his owner.

But, alas! Prin still doesn't know that he is at home. He stared blankly at Mr. Sims, as if he were not on speaking terms. Not a wag of his tail, not even a cock of the ear. The cook was called to speak to the dog in French, with which language Prin is perfectly conversant.

The right cough was struck. At the first nasal term of endearment Prin wagged his tail, and now his memory is slowly returning. He recognises Mr. Sims and fraternises with the other dogs, and things are slowly coming back to his mind.

It is an interesting case of canine "lapse of memory," for no one knows London better than Prin. He is ten years old, and has been with Mr. Sims eight years; in fact, ever since his life was saved by John French at Hampstead Heath. That he should have been unable to find his way back from Portman-square, where he goes every day, is extraordinary.

His case should prove unique in canine medical history.

## SPINSTERS' BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

Why There is Joy in the Hearts of Elderly Ladies at Norbiton.

The spinsters of Norbiton are rejuvenated. Their years are no longer a consideration. Hopes of married bliss, long since shelved, have been taken down and dusted, and those old ladies who last week experienced difficulty in getting upstairs are now tripping lightly about the streets dressed to "kill."

Why is this? You shall learn.

On Thursday last one of the men of the suburb led a bashful bride of seventy-two to the altar of St. Peter's, Norbiton. He was only thirty-two himself, but what of years when love steps in?

The old sexton of the church has been greatly impressed by the ceremony. His tongue was freely at his mention.

"The bride," he tells to all who cares to hear, "was dressed in sky-blue, with a large white plume in her hat that 'a-wiggled and a-waggled' with every step she took."

When it came to signing the register, there was a little difficulty with the bridegroom, who did not quite know how to describe himself.

He explained that he had not been doing anything in particular during his courtship—it has been a lengthy one—and said he was of "no occupation."

This difficulty the vicar surmounted by putting him down as "a gentleman." His wife coyly put her name down, too, and entered her age as sixty. It is understood the sexton put on his spectacles to ensure that he had read this aright.

And now Norbiton centenarians are trotting round looking for other "unemployed," and no longer sit at home to stroke their cats, or converse on their one "old story" with the sympathetic green parrot.

## THE BRIEF BAG.

When arrested at Egerton-gardens by the police for attempted burglary a man named Dolman was found in the possession of a book called "Famous Crimes."

In the opinion of her husband Mrs. Tuckwell was not in her right mind, because she used three teaspoons—one for the sugar, one for the milk, and one for stirring the tea.

Feeling hungry last Friday John Butterworth put half a brick through a grocer's window so that he might take some chocolate. But a police-constable took him. John was committed.

So many times did a prisoner charged with drunkenness at North London address the magistrate as "My dear sir" that Mr. Fordham remarked it seemed a pity he was allowed to have bail.

Twenty minutes were occupied by the doctor before he could certify Edwin Ryder, a carman, the worse for drink. "The prisoner's condition must have been problematical," said the magistrate. Mitigated penalty, 5s.

Asked why he objected to vaccination an applicant at North London for an exemption certificate simply replied: "My conscience tells me." Mr. Fordham said that did not bring him within the Act, and refused the certificate.

Sir Albert de Rutzen refused a request at Bow-street on Saturday that he would grant bail to an alien, already twice remanded on an extradition warrant. "I wish they had a little worse time if it would have the effect of stopping them coming here at all," he remarked.

While a Hamburg Lady Buries Nine Husbands and Dies in Her Prime, a Norbiton Spinster Waits Seventy-two Years Before Finding a Man to Make Her Happy.

An insight into the troubles and trials of others enters largely into the experience of the journalist. The lady who adopts journalism as a profession must inevitably be brought into contact with much that is painful and distressing.

But the case of domestic unhappiness related in the Edinburgh Court of Session on Saturday by a lady journalist was one in which the latter was intimately concerned herself. Her married life had been so wretched that she asked to be granted a divorce from her husband. To this request Lord Low acceded after hearing the evidence of the petitioner, whose name is Mrs. Isabel Keith Campbell, a lady now engaged in work on a London journal. The divorced husband is James Noble Davidson, a Falkirk solicitor.

### Married at Twenty-Four.

The marriage took place in 1899, when Mrs. Davidson was twenty-four years old. Her husband was at that time a law clerk in Edinburgh. Until he had passed the examination which would qualify him to act as a solicitor he wished that the fact that he was married should not be generally known.

"When this is over," he declared consolingly to his wife, "we will set up house properly."

But this was exactly the question concerning which Mrs. Davidson found cause to complain, for he never did set up a house for her. Lodgings in Cumberland-street, Edinburgh, formed her home; for the two months immediately succeeding the marriage her husband lived with her, and then departed for Falkirk.

After this an unaccountable change came over his attitude towards her. The phenomenon baffled her; she could find absolutely no cause for it. It was true they still lived together on odd

days, but on four subsequent occasions her husband refused to take a house for her.

Mrs. Davidson naturally enough remonstrated. "He became insulting," she informed the Court. "I was advised to publish the fact of our marriage in the newspapers, and I informed my husband of that advice." He wired in return, "Don't advertise; writing."

The contents of the promised letter, when it arrived, were not calculated to relieve Mrs. Davidson's feelings.

It ran as follows:—  
"Madam,—Your recent conduct is the only natural outcome of that conduct which commenced almost immediately after our marriage, which in some six months has altered my childish admiration into loathing."

Mrs. Davidson thereupon paid a visit to Falkirk. She did not find her husband in an amenable mood, for he was "very insulting." He told her that he hated her, and again refused her request that a married couple they should respectably set up house together.

Towards her support he contributed nothing, and she had to rely upon her own enterprise as a journalist. Until she came to London she earned her living on an Edinburgh newspaper.

She had not spoken to her husband since November of the year in which they were married. On two occasions, happening to meet her in the street, he passed her as if she had been a stranger.

### The Husband's Cause for Complaint.

Having finished this recital of her matrimonial troubles Mrs. Davidson left the witness-box, and her place was taken by her mother, who had a remarkable refusal to give in explanation of the husband's behaviour. He had confided to her that he quarrelled with his wife because she understated her earnings. The difference, as a matter of fact, was only 5s. a week.

The Court, being satisfied by this evidence, then granted the decree.

## THE NINEFOLD WIDOW.

Matrimonial Outrages in the Happy Fatherland.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

HAMBURG, Sunday.

The matrimonial adventures of a couple of ladies, one of whom has just departed hence, the other of whom has lately thrown her husband downstairs, are exercising the descriptive writers of the German newspaper world.

The lady who has left this vale of tears was nine times a widow, and has gone to join her numerous husbands at the mellow age of fifty-seven.

Born in the 'forties, her first husband was a tradesman, who fell in the Franco-German War. He was speedily followed by a licensed vintner, who died in his bed. Her next victims were a blacksmith and a landscape gardener. This makes four. Number five was a mechanic, whose robust constitution enabled him to survive a divorce. A policeman followed, and was at once laid low in a riot.

The seventh and the eighth heroes were like-wise members of the force. Both, however, are extinct. The ninth and last of these adventurers was a schoolmaster, whom the lady outlived. She is now dead, and even buried. Germany has no more to fear from her. Mr. Chamberlain and the tariff reformers should put it to the everlasting credit of the foreigner that this devastator of the matrimonial market was not dumped on Britain's pellucid shores.

### Lady Outwits the Law.

The second bride, whose doings have occasioned so much interest in the Fatherland, was a foreign lady, who came into conflict with the authorities, and would have been rudely thrust across the frontier had she not established a claim to German citizenship by luring an elderly native gentleman to the registrar's.

The plot that enabled her to prolong her stay in Hamburg was conducted in the following fashion:—The elderly Teuton was invited to the lady's cosily-appointed flat, and there regaled with the season's delicacies.

Here, as elsewhere, the road to the human heart is often by way of Little Mary, and in course of time the old gentleman was led by his blushing suitor to the registrar's. There they were united, and no sooner was the ceremony complete than the young wife vanished from human ken.

Her husband, after much seeking, at last found her out and was thrown downstairs for his pains. The lady only wanted his name and the citizenship this name conferred. She can now stay in Hamburg till it is time to join the lady who has recently been gathered to her nine husbands.

### A "BULL"—AND SOME FIGURES.

Figures are instructive—sometimes. Sitting in dense fog on Saturday the Metropolitan Asylums Board found them rather confusing.

For the construction of a road at Park Hospital the lowest tender was £499; the highest, £1,560; that of the Board's engineer, £630.

For repair of camp sheathing at the river front of South Wharf there were nine tenders, the lowest being £348, and the reverse, £1,705.

In each case the lowest was chosen, the monotony of the proceedings being enlivened by the following "bull" from a speaker: "People who have got plenty of money spend it carefully; those who have none spend it freely."

## LOVE BEFORE HONOURS.

Ex-Archduke Does Not Regret a Marriage that Cost Him Dear.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

GENEVA, Sunday.

The ex-Archduke Leopold of Austria, who married an actress, is living the life of a country gentleman in a charming villa in the canton of Zug.

He says he is perfectly happy, and does not regret his marriage in the least. When informed of the reported intentions of his cousin, the Archduke Ferdinand Charles, with respect to Fraülein Czuber, he did not seem at all surprised.

Leopold is reported to have said:—"There are many persons in the Courts of Europe, situated as I was, who would gladly exchange their lot for mine. It requires courage to give up everything—that is, what the world considers everything—for the woman you love."

"Why should not everyone be free to choose in a matter that means happiness or misery for life? Of course, my cousin will meet much opposition at first, but I hope he will succeed. He has my best wishes for his future happiness."

## JUDGES' HEARTS TOUCHED.

Bereaved Father in Trouble for Digging His Little Daughter's Grave.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Sunday.

A pathetic case, which aroused emotion even in the law-seared hearts of the Judges, was heard at Trenzau the other day.

A labourer named Carl Klose was charged at the Criminal Court in Trenzau with unlawfully disturbing his daughter's grave. The father wished his little child to be laid to rest near his mother and a baby sister, but the sexton ignored his wish, and had the grave prepared in another part of the cemetery.

Immediately after the funeral Klose fetched a spade, and, digging a hole close to the resting-place of his other lost ones, placed the coffin in it and closed up the grave.

The court recognised that the sexton had been brutal in refusing to grant the father's wish of a father, and, therefore, sentenced the accused to the mildest sentence possible—one day's imprisonment, adding that he need not undergo the punishment until the answer to a petition for pardon had been received.

There is little doubt he will undergo no punishment at all.

## WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

Denbighshire folk have been expecting a climax in the matter of the Education Act administration, but it never seems to come. There is, it is true, a deadlock—a kind—and the clerk to the County Council has received a letter stating there is to be a further postponement respecting the appointed day for delegating the elementary schools to the County Education Committee till the first day of April.

Local educationalists foresee a puzzle. For one thing, there will have to be a supplementary precept. The reference to April the First, too, also commented upon.

## CHASED BY A COOK.

How Annie McNamara Disturbed, Hunted, Collared, and Charged a Suspicious Character.

The common or kitchen cook draws higher wages than her sister of the parlour or the aproned housemaid, but, evidently, she is worth the money. Emergency finds her prepared; she is at once valiant, formidable, and alert. On occasion she catches burglars; as witness the following story unfurled before Mr. Fenwick, the presiding magistrate of the Marylebone Police Court.

Annie McNamara is cook at No. 1, Cambridge-terrace, Regent's Park. Associated with her is a servant named Doreys, and another named Annie Grimstead.

Now Grimstead, like the mild Hindu, invests her superfluous wealth in ornaments. She has, of late, rather, had—a gold watch and chain, a gold ring, a ring, and locket, four brooches of gold, and four of silver. The total value of these objects, that in their variety and magnificence recall the "portly apes, and peacocks" of an elder day, amounted to £12. To them, it is alleged, entered Miss Smith.

It is described as a crane-driver, of 139, Serpentine-gate, Marylebone, and on Saturday he was charged with abducting the treasure of Annie McNamara.

The manner of his arrest is thrilling, and, as novelists would say, deserves a chapter to itself.

### Chapter II.

One afternoon, it being the hour when serving maids attire themselves in decent black, in the morning, and well-starched cap, discarding the domestic chester cotton prints of the forenoon, Annie McNamara, the cook, and a fellow domestic named Doreys, hid themselves upstairs to rest.

Doreys was in advance with the matches. She lighted the landing gas, when out stepped a man, who had been hiding behind a large trunk that usually abode on this particular landing.

The man said nothing, but though the more he looked at him the more he seemed to be a cook, he reached for his coat-collar. Her hand was on the side, and taking four steps at a time, was soon in the street, cook and housemaid after him.

The pursuit was by way of the outer circle of the Regent's Park. The woman shouted at the thief: "The man still said nothing, but that he was more. For Annie McNamara, the cook, was appearing on him, and moreover, she was appearing to the passer-by. One of these, at least, was a fugitive's flight, and Annie McNamara coming to seize her man by the coat-collar, taking no heed of his protests.

They had never met before, he said. Nevertheless, he was hailed back, and, turning, the cook maintaining her advantage, and uttering deaf ears on all the other's cries and lamentations. The police were fetched, and, as the man made, it was discovered that Grimstead's coat contained four brooches of gold, and four of silver, the watch, the chain, the ring, and the locket, had been grossly rifled. Of all that accumulation of treasure no single carat remained.

The magistrate to whom this story the man told, was somewhat of a theorist as to how the charged could have entered the house. To his credit the cook explained that a small panel of glass in the front door had been smashed, and from that was but a step to inserting a hand and drawing back the latch.

The prisoner maintained his innocence, but when asked why he had run away, could find no reply. The cook declared that from start to finish she had never taken her eyes off the man. It is a case which will be heard by the court.

Sergeant Woodcock, who arrested the man, deposed to having found a great part of the treasure on the line of the chase, but—and our heart beats as we trace the words—the watch and chain are still missing.

The magistrate ordered a remand.

### BETTING NOT MONEY-LENDING.

At the Middlesex Sessions on Saturday the Erville field betting case came up again. George Carter appealed against three convictions by the Bench, in which fines and costs amounted to £15 12s., for street betting.

Counsel for the police said appellant's case was nothing unless it attributed perjury to his witnesses, who were both policemen.

Carter was unable to establish his contention that he was merely a money-lender, using the Enfield Market-place as an office, and the conviction was confirmed with costs.

### IS THIS LYNCH'S LAST WEEK IN GAOL?

Mr. Charles Devlin, M.P., arrived in Galway on Saturday from Canada, and he had reason to expect an address to the electors, and he had reason to know that within a very short time Colonel Lynch's predecessor in the representation of Galway would be released from prison—perhaps within a week.

"Take me to the station," shouted William Campbell, when surrounded by a crowd. He was taken. He was violent. He threw his money over the place. His boots were removed. On Saturday at Southwark Court a 20s. fine was deducted from the scattered treasure.

In granting an injunction restraining the housemaster of an East London school from allowing 200 boys of a seaside camp to bathe on the shore at Foss Bay, near Broadstairs, Mr. Justice Buckley said that the case should present no practical difficulty in the way of East End boys being allowed to bathe, as the lord of the manor in that part did not churlishly desire to prevent it.



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not churlishly desire to prevent it.

At the Alhambra can be seen Mlle. Zelia and her beautiful milk-white steed  
in a tableau that will delight the eye of the sculptor. The animal is  
highly intelligent, and has had 12 months' "schooling."

THE TROUBLE AT CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.



The nursing staff retire from their positions.

DIVERSIONS OF CHARLIE.  
Hippodrome Elephant in an  
Unrehearsed Scene.

Ruths are very good things in their way, but you  
can have too much of them.  
At least, that is the opinion of "Charlie," the  
largest of the plunging elephants who daily slide  
down into the miniature Hippodrome lake for the  
benefit of the small boy—and his parent.  
As the largest of the troupe of performers Charlie  
that he had a grievance. There was no deny-  
ing it. He made the biggest splash, but the  
management showed no recognition, and Charlie  
determined to strike for it.

Charlie left his dressing-room on Friday after-  
noon, and strolled nonchalantly along as though  
he had no thought in life beyond the daily routine.  
The way he saw the staircase which led  
to the dressing-rooms and the office of  
Mr. Parker, the manager. With a whisk of his  
tail, Charlie turned up the staircase.

Yesterday Charlie told a *Daily Mirror* inter-  
viewer all about the subsequent happenings. He  
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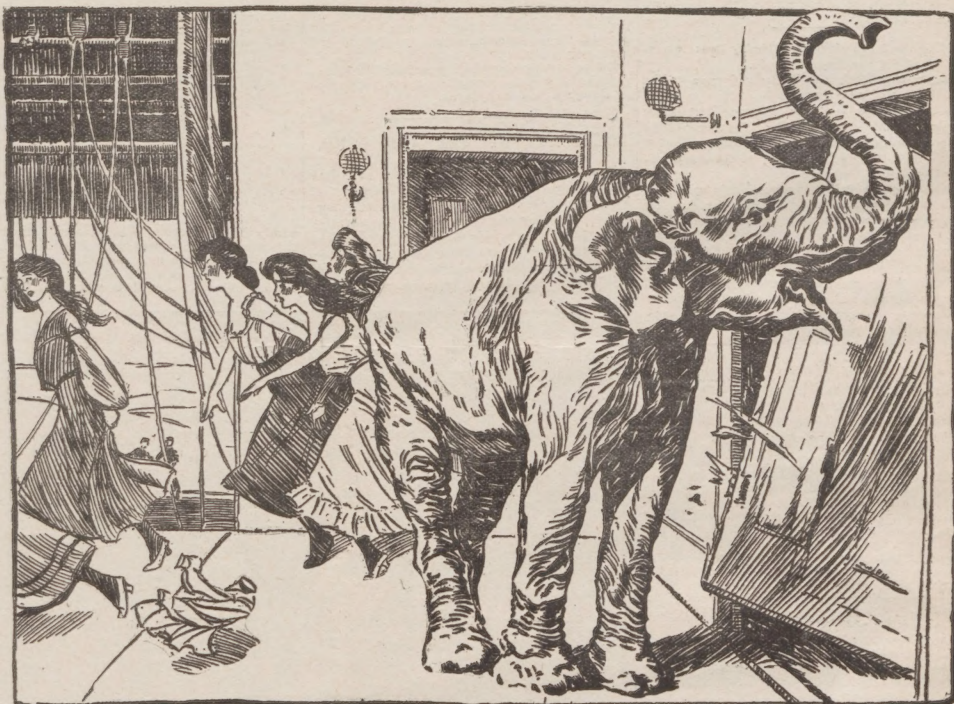
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in a tableau that will delight the eye of the sculptor. The animal is  
highly intelligent, and has had 12 months' "schooling."

startled me, and I thought I had better get out, but  
there wasn't room to swing your trunk in.  
However, I had a try. The furniture suffered,  
but I had to stay.  
Then someone came up and tied a rope on to  
me from behind, and—it sounds undignified,

combined with the smashing of furniture, raised  
quite a scare among the pantomime company, who  
were all in their dressing-rooms.  
Chorus girls screamed and had hysterics. Some  
dived under furniture and sought safety in the  
manner consecrated by tradition to the ostrich.

"CHARLIE" CAUSES TROUBLE AT THE HIPPODROME.



On Friday night one of the plunging elephants decided to make a call upon the manager, and incidentally smashed his office.

doesn't it?—I had to go down that staircase back-  
wards.  
"But you would have laughed if you could have  
seen that room, it was a sight. I don't expect I  
shall get my rise now, though."  
Charlie forgot to mention that his trumpeting,

Others climbed out of the windows, still others on  
to the roof. Some even put their shoulders to the  
dressing-room doors to keep out, as they imagined,  
the whole troupe of marauding elephants!  
Now Charlie is chuckling to himself and winking  
sagaciously at interviewers who arrive prepared to  
find a ravening wild beast, and go away disap-  
pointed.

A worse-mannered elephant than Charlie has  
gained unpleasant notoriety at Walthamstow. On  
Saturday afternoon, whilst being detrained at the  
goods-yard there, the elephant got restive and  
broke loose. Mr. Lockhart, the owner, who  
grasped the chain to hold it back, was crushed  
between the elephant and a truck, and killed in-  
stantly.  
Mr. Lockhart's son was also injured, but not  
seriously. The elephant was one of a troop to  
appear at the new theatre of varieties, Waltham-  
stow, next week.

VIENNA WANTS CHEAP MEAT.

Owing to the exorbitant price of meat in Vienna,  
says Reuter's correspondent, the City Council has  
resolved to ask the Government upon what con-  
ditions meat may be imported. On sanitary  
grounds the introduction of trans-oceanic meat has  
been discouraged.

Simultaneously the Ministry of the Interior has  
issued an order prohibiting the importation of  
frozen beef from Argentina or Australia coming  
through London, when accompanied only by a  
certificate from an English veterinary surgeon.  
Direct importation is also forbidden from Aus-  
tralia, but as to beef from Argentina, and pork  
from Canada, inquiries are in progress.

Probably the Government may relax the regula-  
tions in order to aid the efforts of the City Council  
to procure cheaper meat.

Detective-sergeant Wegner was requested to  
arrest Herman Leon Berkewitz on an extradition  
warrant. The detective had only to step outside  
his own door and visit the house next to his own,  
as Berkewitz, who has been remanded at Bow-  
street, was staying there.

WAR IN THE WARDS.

Wholesale Resignations Among the  
Charing Cross Nursing Staff.

The culmination of the unrest among the nurses  
at the Charing Cross Hospital came on Friday  
night, when the dismissed and retiring nurses  
vacated their positions and their successors  
arrived.

At the end of November the matron of the  
hospital gave notice to four ward sisters and four  
nurses, with whom great sympathy was expressed  
by the rest of the nursing staff—so much so, in  
fact, that four more sisters resigned their posts as  
a protest against the action of the matron.

Their resignations were accepted, and on Fri-  
day they, in company with the others, left the  
hospital. Only two sisters of the original staff  
retained their posts.

The matron explained on Saturday to a *Daily  
Mirror* representative that she had had no trouble  
in filling up the vacant posts, the number of trained  
nurses being far in excess of the demand.

CHAUFFEURS AND "CHUFFERS."

The French word chauffeur means more, it  
would seem, in Paris than the phrase motor-car  
driver in London.

During an action for damages before Judge  
Baon a French chauffeur appeared. Under the  
new Act he had to exhibit his license.

He produced two. His English license, a mean,  
ill-printed piece of paper, like a dog license. Then

SILVER CUP FOR AUTHORS.

Every fifth year since 1844, under the terms of  
Dr. Swiney's will, a silver cup value £100 and  
£100 in cash have been given for a work on juris-  
prudence. Sir Frederick Pollock and Professor  
F. W. Maitland's book on the "History of English  
Law before Edward I." takes the prize this year.



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD,  
who has announced his intention of supporting  
Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals.  
(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)



# THE GREAT FOG.



## London Under an Evil Pall of Stifling Vapour—the Worst so far This Year.

Yesterday was foggy. Saturday was worse. Friday night was beyond words. Never did London more truly deserve to be called the "City of Dreadful Night." All Friday fog had been hanging about in the western suburbs, especially along the course of the river. Towards night it crept up till all London was buried in a real black fog of the worst and most unpleasant description. Following the river it swept suddenly up Whitehall and Northumberland-avenue just as the theatres were emptying. It came up like a wall. Where only a few moments before there had been a steady stream of cabs and 'buses there was a rolling mass of fog punctuated by shouts and cries. In the Strand and Fleet-street it puffed up from every street and archway leading towards the river in a steady stream, lying low along the ground. Gradually it spread and grew deeper till the lamp posts were hidden and the dark pall complete.

### Even the 'Buses Lost.

By half past eleven it was almost impossible to get about. Nearly every cab had been taken directly the fog was seen approaching, and the 'buses seemed hopelessly lost. Driving was an impossibility, and the unlucky cabbies were compelled to dismount. A hurried conference with the fare inside, and then one of the lamps was taken out and cabbie turned himself into half guide and half beast of burden. With the lamp in one hand, and dragging along a reluctant horse with the other, cabbie felt his way along the edge of the curbstone while inside the hansom his fare was shivering dimly. Happy the man in a fur overcoat on such an occasion! The 'buses were little better off, except that it was the conductor who acted as guide while the driver was able to keep his place on the box. But even so many of them had a bad time. At half-past twelve a Hammersmith 'bus turned up in Oxford-circus. The driver's remarks when a policeman tried to point out to him that he was not at Hyde Park Corner almost had the effect of dispersing some of the fog. At Marble Arch a belated and befogged 'bus was rescued by two policemen as it vainly tried to climb over the "island" at the end of Park-lane.

### "I'm Not Peltered."

"Which way do you want to go," shouted one of the policemen after trying to make out what was written on the side of the 'bus. "Chelsea," answered the driver, "but I'm not peltered." In parts of Oxford-street, where the thoughtful authorities have put the lamps in the middle of the road, it was pitch black on the pavements, and a straggling procession of cabs and pedestrians crawled gingerly along the gutter, feeling their way with sticks and umbrellas. Even whip-handles were pressed into the service. But if the fog seemed thicker just away from the bright lights of the theatres and restaurants it was there that it caused most trouble. At all theatres but a few which were over early shivering crowds of women in evening dress waited dimly while their menfolk scoured the neighbour-



—Elderly gentlemen did not.

hood to find a cab which could be tempted to take them home. When an empty cab did appear it went to the highest bidder. In the end many people gave up all hopes and started off to find their way as best they could on foot. Every now and then one was startled by a ghostlike figure with an attendant shadow, which appeared and disappeared in the murk. It was some unlucky woman in a light dress fumbling her way along on a man's arm. Bitter were the wails over spoiled frocks! It is extraordinary how a fog muffles sound. To the pedestrian it was quite bewildering to hear no sound as his heel struck what he could feel to be hard pavement, but of which he could learn nothing either from sight or sound.

### Pickpockets at Work.

The more courageous pickpockets did capital business, but on the whole a fog is not good for their trade. The nervous thief objects to it, for, though escape is easy, he can never tell that a policeman may not loom out of the darkness at the critical moment.

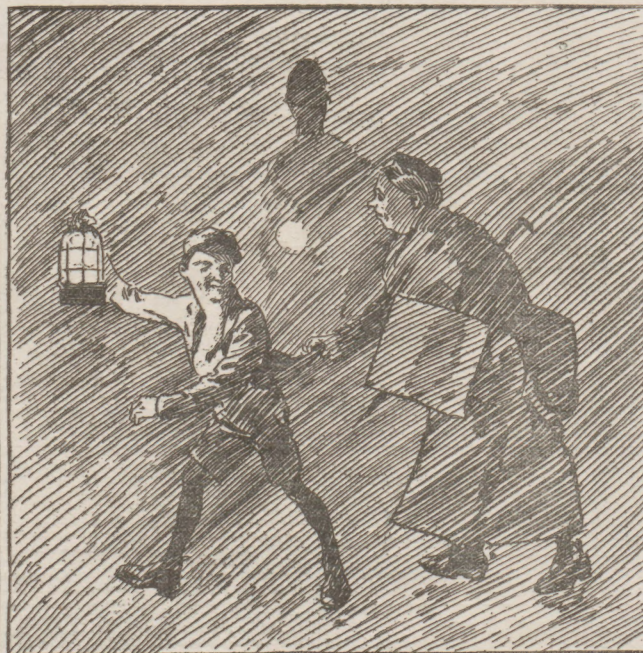
On the Embankment, where the fog was at its worst, an elderly gentleman, who was groping his way to his hotel, was forcibly relieved of a fairly bulky pocket-book by two thieves. Umbrella snatching was the most common form of theft. On Saturday morning things were a little better, for a fog never seems quite so bad in the daytime.

What with the light from the shop windows and the faint glimmer of daylight which struggled through the fog-wreaths, it was possible to find one's way about.

During the afternoon the fog partially lifted, and, though still dark and dismal, by contrast it seemed as though it had really gone.

### ACCIDENTS BY SEA AND LAND.

The advent of the fog was signalled on Friday night by a couple of railway accidents, which, happily, were not attended with such serious consequences as were feared. The first occurred about 10.30 just outside Clapham Junction, the 9.32 South-Western train from Kingston to Waterloo running into the rear of the 9.30 from Windsor, which was being brought to a standstill. The



Small boys with lanterns enjoyed the fog, but—

guard's van of the Windsor train and the carriage immediately in front of it were very badly damaged, and the guard (named Spencer) sustained several ugly cuts and bruises, principally about the head. The two foremost coaches of the Kingston train also suffered, but only two passengers complained of shock.

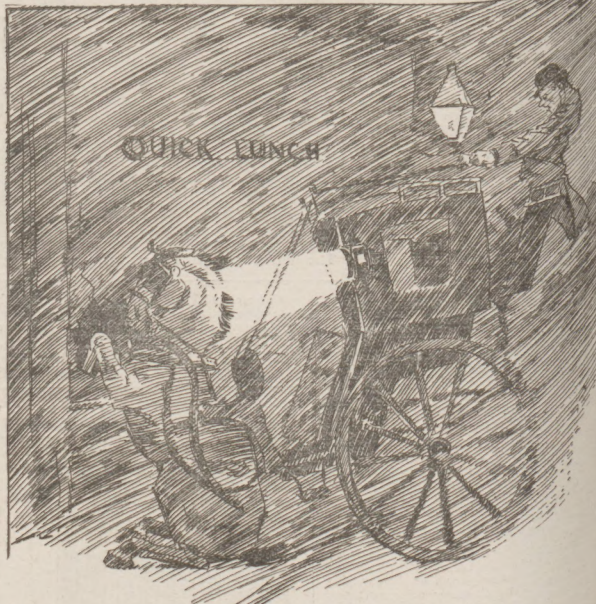
The second accident also was due to one train running into another, the 12.15 a.m. from London Bridge to Victoria, on the Brighton and South Coast system, crashing into the 11.50 p.m. train from London Bridge to Streatham, which was standing at the platform at Peckham Rye Station. Fortunately nobody sustained any serious injury.

A third accident occurred on the London and North-Western Railway main line about fifty yards from Boxmoor Station early on Saturday morning. During a dense fog an express goods train ran into a shunting goods train, consisting of five trucks laden with oranges, clocks, and general merchandise. The guard of the shunting train was injured, though happily not seriously. The trucks were derailed and the shunting engine considerably damaged. The goods in the trucks were scattered in all directions, and thousands of oranges rolled down the embankments. The express train was not very much damaged. King Edward was out in the Windsor coverts

on Saturday despite the fog. Protected by fur and frieze the royal party were driven to the Great Park, and at first the beaters, dimly seen, might have been anything from a grizzly bear to a treasure hunter.

Later, around Cranborne Tower, capital sport was found, 200 pheasants and rabbits being killed by one o'clock. The royal ladies joined the party for lunch, but owing to the fog becoming thicker returned to the Castle almost at once.

The drive back was all but marked by a collision with a coal cart that was coming their way. Fortu-



Frost and fog combined lead to disaster.

nately the postillions saw the danger in time, and the ladies reached the Castle without accident. The fog has been the cause of several disasters at sea, and at least one magistrate reached town too late to preside over his court on Saturday.

### TEETH AND CHARACTER.

#### Army Recruiting Falls Off For Various Reasons.

During the first nine months of last year 29,324 recruits were raised for the regular Army, excluding the Colonial corps, and 25,774 for the Militia.

On March 31 a very important change was made.

who were able to produce satisfactory references as to character and antecedents. Immediately following the change a considerable diminution was noticed, but now, observes the report, with a touch of humour, "that the system, thoroughly understood and worked in a liberal spirit" no desirable men are lost to the service. The permission for enlistment of men with artificial teeth, granted in 1901, was not a success, so it has now been cancelled. Prejudice still exists in many parts of the country against a soldier's life. An officer of the Royal Munster Fusiliers is quoted, who says of some places it was learnt that young men were recruited age had been sent away by their parents to prevent their being first made drunk and then attested at the point of the bayonet. In Manchester the medical rejections amount to forty-nine per cent. "It is of national importance," concludes the report, "to endeavour to discover by what means the present large number of medical rejections can be lessened."

### THE CURSE OF GAMES.

#### How School-Boys are Spoilt By County Councils.

Mr. Louis Tebbutt used to keep wicked for Bluntisham, a village near St. Ives, Hants. Run perhaps, it is his reputation as a speed skater that gives him a larger claim to public attention. Speaking on Saturday, Mr. Tebbutt said that there was a curse in England "it was the curse of games." Nor did he think that it was the duty of a council to encourage anything in the way of cricket or football. Cricket and football had become a great nuisance. If it was necessary to let the boys ground at the county school moved on to the ground at themselves. The impression was a disgrace, nowadays that manual labour was a disgrace, the sooner they taught boys the fallacy of that the better it would be.

### FOUR DAYS ON A WRECK.

Captain Miln and the survivors of the Glasgow steamer Kenmore, which was wrecked off the Spanish coast near Vigo during the great gale early this month, arrived at Southampton on Saturday on the Clyde. They tell a stirring story of the sea. Manned by a crew from the Glasgow ship the Kenmore left Barry Dock, South Wales, on Christmas Day, laden with a cargo of coal and timber, for Egypt. All went well till the vessel struck on a rock during a heavy sea the night of January 11, when Captain and crew saw at once that the position was desperate, but they kept their heads and acted with true British pluck and officer courage. Seven seamen and in the teeth of a violent hurricane fought to reach shore, half a mile away and fetch assistance. Not many lengths from the ship the Kenmore was swamped, and those who managed to reach shore. From Camillo the men were sent on to the coast and later on were carried home on the Clyde.



Suburban Policeman: Now, make an example of you will. Mild Suburban Resident: V

### AMUSEMENTS.

TO-NIGHT. JOSEPH EXTANGLED. TO-NIGHT. BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES. THE WIDOW WOT. TO-NIGHT. WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING AT 8. THE DARLING OF THE GODS. BY David Belasco and John Luther Long. TO-NIGHT. MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE. LAS. EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. IMPERIAL. W. N. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEX. THE OLD HEIDELBERG. TO-NIGHT. THE COMPANY. BY Mr. GEORGE AL. TO-NIGHT. THE COMPANY. BY Mr. GEORGE AL. TO-NIGHT. THE COMPANY. BY Mr. GEORGE AL.

### PERSONAL.

WEAVER AND JEWELS bought for cash—Ca. 210, Oxford-street. London, W. a. 1881. The most recent and latest plates and jewels to be made from the country receive immediate attention. The Weekly Dispatch. 122, Abchurch-lane, for 1899-70-71, and 1881. The Daily Mirror. Office, 2. THE MODERN STYLE, for One of the Largest Stocks in London. NEW CATALOGUE JUST ISSUED. WILLIAM SPRIGGS AND CO. (Ld) 225, 229, 230, 231, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W. NOTICES TO READERS. The Editor, Advertising, and General Managers of the Daily Mirror are:—2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON. Telephone: 1510 and 1519 Holborn. One of the Offices of the Daily Mirror is: 40, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON. Telephone: 1055 Gerard. The Editor, Advertising, and General Managers of the Daily Mirror are:—2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON. Telephone: 1510 and 1519 Holborn. One of the Offices of the Daily Mirror is: 40, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON. Telephone: 1055 Gerard.

### FOG AND FLOOD IN AMERICA.

The fog is in America as well. Reuter reports that, owing to its density at many ports from Boston to Norfolk, vessels have not been able to dock.

And, to make matters worse, bridges have been destroyed and railway traffic has been delayed by floods in the western part of New York State, and at Pittsburgh the buildings on the river fronts are under water. The damage is estimated at 1,000,000 dollars.

### THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

The disappearance from a Paris Hotel of Louisa Raquena, a popular young Spanish dancer, and sister of the well-known Spanish music-hall artist, Dolores Raquena, has given rise to considerable police activity in regard to the white slave traffic. The girl arrived from Spain in company with a man who calls himself a dentist, but is believed to be an active agent in this detestable traffic. The two went to an hotel in Montmartre. On January 3 the "dentist" left the hotel, and three days later the girl went out, but did not return, nor has she been seen or heard of since. The "dentist" recently returned to the hotel, and professed to be greatly surprised.



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## OUR DAYS ON A WRECK.

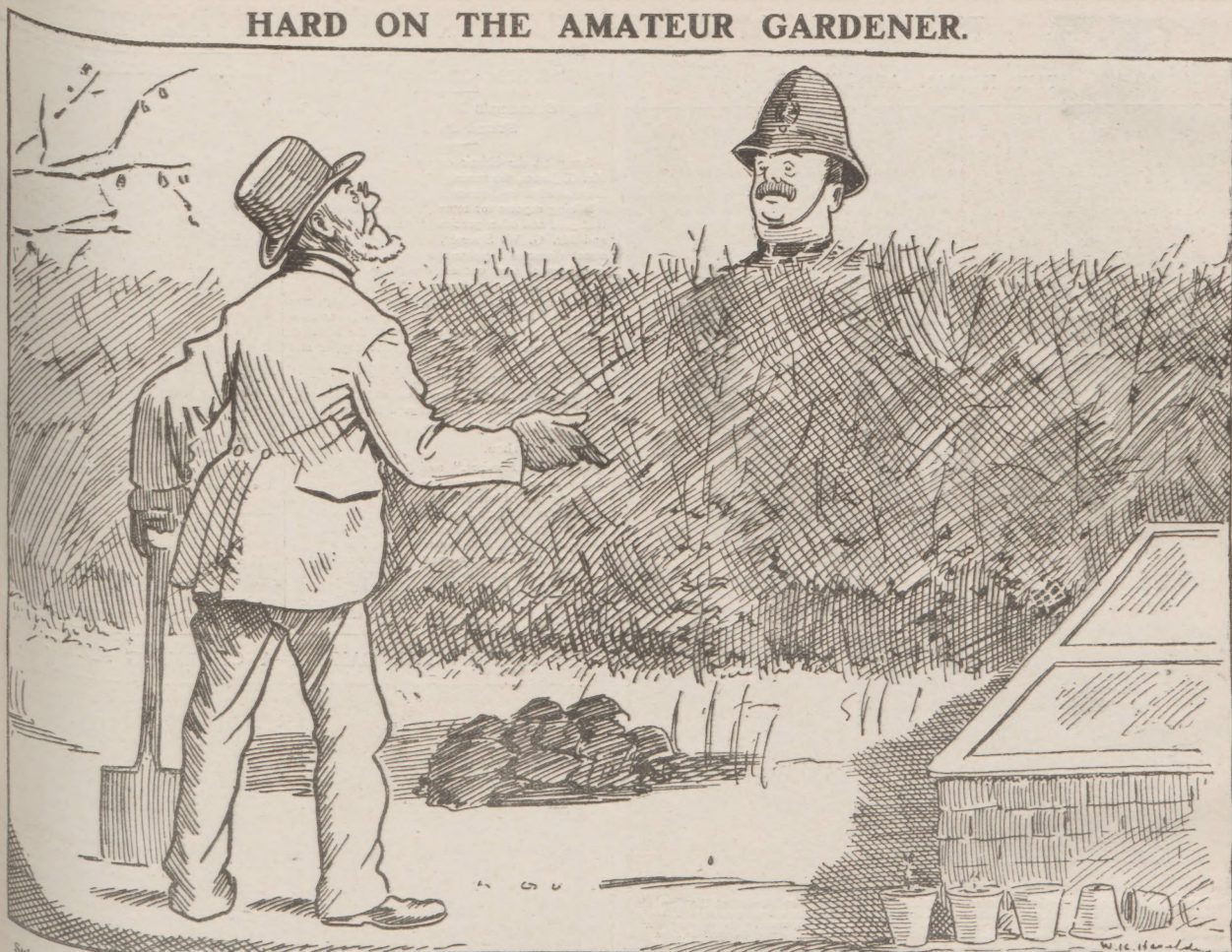
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ned by a crew from the Glasgow distric mmore left Barry Dock, South Wales, mas Day, laden with a cargo of coal

for Egypt. They tell a stirring story of the efforts of the crew to get into com- By Thursday, three days after the wreck, ship began to break up. The crew, who

ats and battled to shore through the rough seas. Camillo the men were sent on to the ater on to be carried home on a rowing

## HARD ON THE AMATEUR GARDENER.



Suburban Policeman: Now, then, caught you at it, 'ave I? Come along out o' that. This 'ere treasure humbug must be put a stop to. You'll be

Mild Suburban Resident: Why, this is my own garden, you—you—  
(Scene closes with alarms, excursions, and discomfited retreat of policeman.)

## The Daily Mirror.

MONDAY, JANUARY 25, 1904.

## Wrestling and the Race.

Once more the annual report on Recruiting for the Army has the same tale to tell of numerous rejections on account of feeble and undersized physique. It is stated, indeed (though it is hard to believe), that officers commanding appear to be satisfied on the whole with the size and constitutions of their newly-joined men. If they really are satisfied, they must be easy to please. For even the men who are not rejected have many of them a weedy, chestless look which suggests that their powers of endurance must be very small. "It may be true," the report admits, that "the physique of the working classes is not actually deteriorating," but the whole tone of the Inspector-General's remarks shows that he considers it to be doing anything but improve.

What a curious phenomenon it is that the mass of the people should be taking so keen an interest in sports and contests which demand physical fitness and bodily strength, and at the same time should themselves be growing less strong of body and less "fit." Whatever official reports may say, there can be no doubt that the contrast between the well-fed, well-exercised upper and middle-class and the ill-nourished, undeveloped working-class has become painfully striking. The "pampered aristocrat" once used to be compared unfavourably with the hardy son of toil. The latter was represented as a creature cast in massive mould, with all his thews and sinews brought to perfection by English beef and English beer; the former as a puny, delicate whipper-snapper, afraid of soiling his hands by doing anything with them at all. How utterly out-of-date such a comparison would be now! Why? Chiefly because the "classes" are encouraged to develop their bodies and the "masses" are not. Do not suppose that the "masses" are disinclined to follow the example set them by their more fortunate fellow-citizens. If they took no interest in feats of skill and strength and endurance, we should not be sending cricket teams to Australia or publishing special football editions. We should not have the "wrestling boom," which is attracting so much attention just now. If the people who follow the doings of Hackenschmidt and Madrali with so much interest had the chance of doing a little wrestling on their own, would they not take it? Certainly they would in most cases. It is just because they do not have the chance of playing games and taking physical exercise that they are so desperately interested in them. If only we could set the thousands who will crowd Olympia next Saturday to wrestling and boxing amongst themselves, ominous reports on the deterioration of the race would soon be a thing of the past.

## BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

At a public-house at Walthamstow two Excise officers discovered in the cellar a sample of what is technically known as "fined" ale. A sample of fined publican can now be seen on the same premises.

A decrease of a halfpenny in the pound is foreshadowed in the rate of the Metropolitan Asylums Board. This is good news, but it should be remembered that the effects of the fiscal question have hardly yet begun to be felt.

A girl of fourteen has been sent to a reformatory for five years for selling over-ripe eggs as new laid. It was time that the young were taught that only grown-up people in regular business can do this sort of thing with impunity.

A man who was tired of this hard world jumped into the Thames at Millbank and hit

something even harder. A small matter of a barge had escaped his notice until he was aroused to the fact of its presence by saving his life and breaking his leg in one operation.

It is announced that at the Duke of Devonshire's meeting at the Guildhall the arrangements will be practically the same as those made for Mr. Chamberlain's meeting, except that the seating accommodation will be considerably extended. Sofas instead of chairs, no doubt.

Saturday has been described as the "worst day of the year." A professional gentleman, in indignantly denying that this was the case, was able to produce six gold and eleven silver watches, besides a large assortment of purses and scarf-pins, in proof of his statement that it was one of the best days he ever had.

Mr. W. P. Ryan, lecturing on Irish bards, stated that originally these differed from the poets. The latter, it would seem, ranked higher, and were called the "File," to distinguish them from the rank and file. It is curious to reflect that we still have a lot of "File" poets, but we pronounce the "F" harder nowadays.

The Emperor of Korea has solemnly announced that in the event of war between Russia and Japan Korea will remain neutral. When the campaign is over the winning side may feel assured of his Majesty's cordial support, but in the meantime the Koreans will endeavour to show no partiality in the matter, but will simply fight for the side which pays best.

"Spring Onions" has been at it again—not the drink, but the poetry—and has received an acknowledgment from the Queen for a little gem which he sent her. Spring Onions's poems are an institution, and of them, as of the pungent bulbs from which the poet takes his name, we may say:—

Though they bring the wild tears to our eyes, We would not yield them for a Paradise.

It having been sought to prove that Joan of Arc was the daughter of an Italian who settled in Lorraine in 1401, a French historian has retorted by citing title deeds in the Grand Ducal library at Luxembourg relating to property held in Lorraine by the Arc family from 1315 onwards. No one has tried, however, to connect the family with the period of the Deluge, though this on the face of it seems quite an easy task.

**AMUSEMENTS.**  
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN. TO-NIGHT, at 9.30. By Henry Arthur Jones. THE WIDOW WOOD. MR. TREE. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15.  
THE DARLING OF THE GODS. By David Belasco and John Luther Long. MR. TREE. EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15.  
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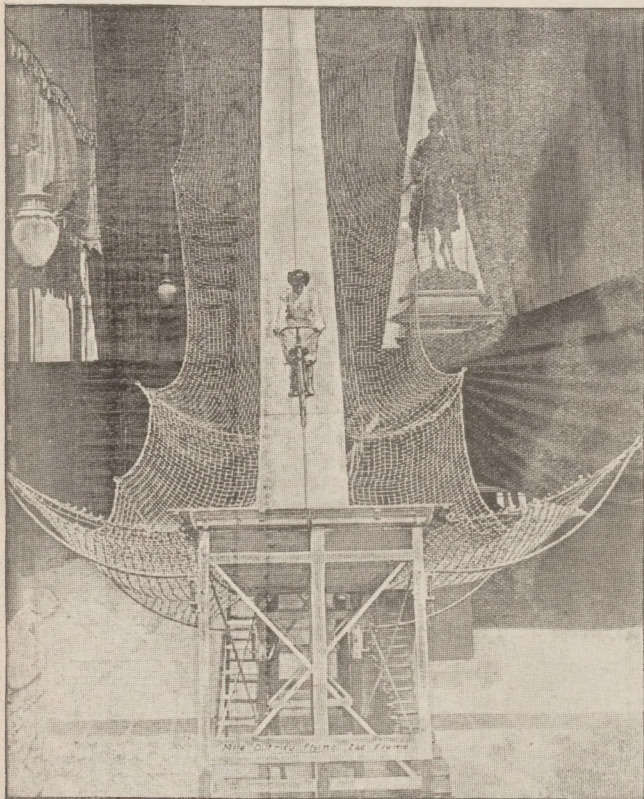
**PERSONAL.**  
JEWELLERY bought for cash—Catchpole and Co., 41, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to purchase second hand plate and jewels to any amount. The safe half day for home use.  
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Telephone: 1889 Gerrard.  
Telegrams: "Mirror."  
Post Office: 25, Rue Tailbourg.



PICTURES AND PORTRAITS ILLUSTRATING PEOPLE

"THE HUMAN ARROW."



Mlle. Dutrieu, who is performing her sensational feat known as "Flying the Flame" at the Crystal Palace, has just been condemned, by a Parisian jury, to pay £1,200 for breaking a contract. Our photograph shows Mlle. Dutrieu flying down the inclined track preparatory to making her sensational leap in mid-air. (Photo by Russell & Sons.)

STAGE LUXURY.

How the Parisian Actress's Dressing Room is Decorated.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.

At the exhibition of decorative art now being held at the Petit Palais in the Champs Elysees there is a model of an actress's dressing-room which is attracting much attention. It has been fitted up in the most luxurious manner by masters in the art of modern furniture, and the knock-knacks have been contributed by women of no small renown in the artistic world.

Sarah Bernhardt sends two weird studies of seaweed, in bronze. Madame Madeleine Lemaire shows an exquisite fan; and a bonbonniere and small hand-mirror painted in roses, by her sister,

Madame Suzanne Lemaire, are dainty enough to please the most fastidious feminine taste. M. Eugene Lelievre designed the more practical of the toilette necessities, and one would think that the act of curling and combing could be nothing but an unmix pleasure with such shapely instruments.

A statuette of Loie Fuller, as an electric light of changing hues, stands in one corner, and not far away is a beautiful fan in Gobelin tapestry, by M. Perraud. The room is heated by an electric apparatus, carried out in hand-beaten copper, with a screen of the same work, designed by M. Schiedecker and worked by M. Regius.

Some handsome curtains divide the toilette-room from the ordinary dressing-room, which is fitted up with marble washing basins and decorated in art nouveau style, like the first room. Not a detail has been forgotten in this model of fashion's fancy, and the result is a luxurious resting-place, where life between and behind the scenes may be as pleasant as it is at home.

HACKENSCHMIDT,



"The Russian Lion," who will wrestle Madrali, "The Terrible Turk," for the championship of the world, at Olympia on Saturday. (Photo by Foulham & Banfield.)

"OPHIR" REDISCOVERED.

King Solomon's Mines Believed to be Found in Egypt.

Away on the Ethair desert in Southern Egypt Mr. G. James, the mining engineer, has made what is believed to be a remarkable discovery of gold.

Mining experts for some years have been aware that gold and other precious metals exist in Egypt, and Mr. G. W. Streeter, the well-known Bond-street diamond merchant, in co-operation with a few friends, sent out an expedition some three years ago under the charge of Mr. James.

A tract of land, some sixty miles by thirty, was acquired. Mr. James reports that no fewer than twenty mines have been discovered, the minerals ranging from gold and emeralds to copper and hematite iron.

The story of some of these mines is curiously interesting. At the gold mine called the Hangoia there are evidences of workings a thousand years old.

Fabulous Riches.

"Mr. James writes," said Mr. Streeter to a *Daily Mirror* representative, "that the mine is probably one of those worked during Cleopatra's time. The Nubians ravaged the country, and the people engaged on the mine must have fled at their approach. Gold," Mr. James declares, "to a fabulous amount—I can't tell you the exact amount at present, but it runs to millions—lies ready to be extracted for the mere cost of the stamp."

"It was this region," continued Mr. Streeter, "that scientists declare was the Land of Ophir of



TOD SLOAN, the famous American jockey, who will shortly start training in England.

ELIXIR OF TEMPERANCE.

The Rev. W. Carlile, of Church Army fame, is now selling, at the army headquarters, an elixir which cures the drink habit by taking away the craving for liquor.

A *Daily Mirror* representative, making the

ART IN THE CAMERA—A CHARMING STUDY.



Photo by

(Lottie Charlton)

the Bible. Here it was that King Solomon sent his ships for gold and precious stones. I firmly believe that in Egypt we have one of the great gold-producing countries of the future.

"Another discovery was that of a copper mine. It had been timbered up a thousand years ago, and the timbers to-day remain in almost as good preservation as if they had been put in fifty years ago."

The engineer will be home in a few weeks, and Mr. Streeter will possibly form a company for the working of these mines. Nearly twenty years ago he formed a syndicate for the Burmah ruby mines, and so great was the rush for shares that a prospectus cost a guinea, and Mr. Rothschild, going to his office in St. Swithin's-lane on the morning of allotment, had to be handed over the heads of the waiting crowd.

IRON MAGNATE'S FORTUNE.

The late Mr. Samson Fox, who, born a poor lad, founded the great iron business known as the Leeds Forge, has left personal estate of the net value of £127,200.

By his will he leaves his widow an annuity of £1,500, and allots the residue to his son,

quiries, found an eight-ounce bottle can be bought for 4d., just under cost price. Whenever the desire for strong drink arises a dose of about a wineglassful is taken. The stuff is not unpleasant, and produces a sensation similar to that of peppermint.

"It has proved efficacious," said an official of the Church Army, "in a great many cases, one of which came under my notice quite recently. A man—a gentleman—had become a confirmed drunkard, and had sunk into a state bordering on destitution. Finally his wife persuaded him to try our anti-craving medicine. This was eight months ago. Now he never drinks to excess and is in a good berth. It is an absolute cure."

The mixture, it may be stated, is compounded by several well-known doctors. Indeed, it was produced, after several months' experimenting, by a prominent physician.

LORD BARRYMORE'S COURAGE.

Lord Barrymore, a well-known Irish landlord, is suffering from injuries sustained in a street collision at Cork. His Lordship, though thrown to the ground with considerable force and dazed, quickly recovered and walked to the railway station.



# AND EVENTS IN THE WEEK-END NEWS.

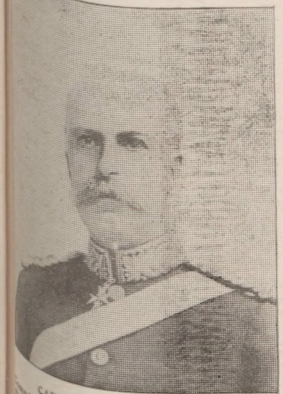
## THE NOVELISTS' RIVAL.

New Vagabond Club Entertains One of Radium's Godparents.

The mention of radium puts the novelist on his knees. Its romance challenges his boldest efforts. The members of the New Vagabond Club entertain Sir William and Lady Ramsay in a very pleasant thing, therefore, showing that the romance of the club, do not resent the advent of the brilliant rival.

The banquet in the Grand Hall of the Hotel on Saturday night to the great scientist and his wife attracted a large company of well-known people. Mr. Douglas Sladen was in the chair, and Mr. G. B. Burgin and Mr. A. S. Boyd were the guests of honor. The others present included Mr. T. Bullen, Mr. and Mrs. Frankfort Moore, Mr. J. N. Dunn, Mr. Robert Donald, Professor J. J. Thompson, Captain Grant, Mr. W. J. Ramsay, Dr. John Todhunter, Mr. Walter Jerrold, Mr. J. P. Ridge.

The speech in which Mr. Frankfort Moore pronounced the "guests of the Evening" was marked



CAPT. J. W. NOTT-BOWER, Commander of the City Police, who has come to the Royal Commission on London police have no hand in breaking up the streets.

Photo by Brown, Barnes, & Bell.

successful and witty allusions to this rivalry between the novelists and science. The ranks of the Vagabond Club, he said, were largely made up of writers of romance; and all would admit that the most important of scientific discoveries had been anticipated by the writers of romance. In fact, it had taken science all its time to catch up with the suggestions of romance.

The investigations and experiments conducted by William Ramsay and his associates condensed such a series of steps forward as had never been equalled within the entire range of scientific discovery.

William Ramsay, in responding, traced the history of the discovery of radium, and mentioned that a German chemist had anticipated the discovery of radium. His name was Dr. Jarvan du Mai Jun. He had certainly a romance in itself. It had been found that uranium salts after exposure to light would be made to take photographs. Professor J. J. Thomson, of Montreal, found that radium gas which shone in the dark—a luminous gas—could be condensed as steam could be condensed to water, and then it shone all the time.

It was hinted to the novelists present that the discovery might open up the subject of the transmutation of one element into another.

He went on saying that silver or copper could be transmuted into gold; but they might very well be made very much cheaper than it was at present.

## THE OPENING MISS.

The electric tramcar service between New Cross and New Cross tramway-bridge, via Camberwell and New Cross, was opened to the public yesterday.

The service was opened to the public yesterday.

## UNDAUNTED BY THE FOG.



Notwithstanding the fog, his Majesty and the Duke of Connaught had an afternoon's shooting in Windsor Great Park on Saturday.

## H. W. STEVENSON.



The great billiard player, who made a break of 265 in his match against W. Cook, on Saturday.

(Photo by Bowden Bros.)

## "BART'S."

The Lord Mayor writes to the *Daily Mirror* a letter pressing the claims of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

The institution has occupied, he says, the same site since 1123, no recommendations are required for the sick poor, and upwards of seven million patients have been relieved in the last fifty years. Moreover, a series of eminent men, from Harvey downwards, have been educated in the medical schools.

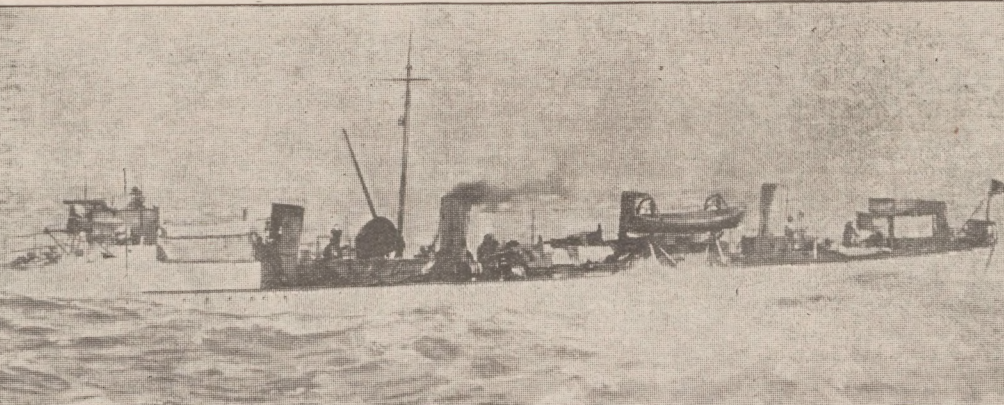
The Lord Mayor appeals for help "with considerable confidence" not only to the citizens of London, "that pre-eminently wealthy square mile," but to the public generally.

Whether his expectations will be realised, and whether the City and the public are prepared to respond and uphold the much-criticised City scheme, remains to be seen.

## WHERE THE DOLLARS WENT.

Little drops of prices,  
Little grains of wheat,  
Make the dollars wanting  
For the balance-sheet.

An official of the Produce Exchange Banking Company, U.S.A., for which a receiver has been appointed, has confessed to defalcations amounting to 170,000 dollars, and has admitted that he lost that sum in speculation on the Chicago grain market. Several branches of the company, says Reuter's Cleveland correspondent, have been closed.



A Japanese torpedo boat in a heavy sea while on scout duty in the Far East.

(Photo by West & Son.)







FOR THE SPECIAL.

Racing was Concluded at Lingfield, but Many Football Matches Were Either Stopped or Abandoned.

NEWSY NOTES

Upon Men and Horses at Lingfield.

The waxes warm amidst racegoers as to likely to be conceded Detail in the Grand National, for, in 1902, A. M. Mount ran fourth, in Shannon Lass, being 3lb. from Matthew and 15lb. from who won the race in 1903, with Detail in receipt of 15lb. from Mr. 7lb. to 11st., and if the lighter allow, Arthur Nightingall, who will ride is not unlikely to again find his road to theintree.

The first and H. Woodland are not re- bloodstained antagonists of the Press, they were driving by the entrance of the popular enclosure when they trap knocked the reins prevented further injury, and a charge of manslaughter.

down on his knees soon after and no doubt felt the cold from the loss in his box, and was thus enabled to get the leg that had been under a case for an advertised hair tonic.

opened favourite for the Sussex, but refused the preliminary out to "sixes." He ran Read had to give him the whip. won all right, some of the spectators had Volcanic come a little sooner he beaten the Prince.

gave 2,000 guineas for Princessmon Sir Simons Harrison sold as a yearling, to Mr. Low, the American owner of Littleton. A operation failed to make him a flat racer the hospitality of Kingsclere, and he the steps of Rougemont, a horse turned home, but who covered himself with the success of the winner of the Grand of 1885.

was present to see Vanishing Lady Mr. Johnson to see Reservist win. recently thrown from his horse at took place for the race won by an objection was laid in vain, C. Wood, the famous ex-jockey longed for in connection with the Tan- Hurdle Race, for after a big plunge the winner was disqualified for the general opinion exists that Rich- suffered quite as badly as Hopeless II.

the starter, lent his back and walked back to the stand. Later when Bourne Bridge fell with S. Wood- key was also sent to the paddock on

Table with 2 columns: Race details and results. Includes entries for Mr. Napier's La Fayette, Mr. J. J. M. M. M., and others.

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Table with 2 columns: Race details and results. Includes entries for Mr. W. F. Hamilton's Little Brown Mouse, Mr. P. E. B. B. B., and others.

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cap Hurdle Race, and Wolf appears to have pretensions to win the Hanworth Park Handicap Hurdle Plate at the same meeting.

Blackwell's Cossack, San Roque, Jolly Beggar, Servitor, Roudau, and others trotted on the road. Cossack never looked better.

Mr. Charles Eaton Hammond, senior partner of Messrs. Hammond and Co., the celebrated Newmarket bankers, has resigned his duties as manager of the accounts of the Ross Memorial Hospital, which institution benefited by £1,000 by the death of Prince Soltykoff.

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FOOTBALL NOTES.

Many Games Abandoned Through Fog and Frost on Saturday.

Football has two great enemies in Nature—fog and keen frost. On Saturday the former launched his heavy, black battalions with considerable freedom almost everywhere, and the sport, although not swept from the field entirely, was severely injured, for the day at least, in many parts of its organism. Nearly every Rugby football match of importance set for decision in the neighbourhood of London had to be abandoned, either because the ground was dangerously hard or the members of the teams that should have been in battle array but did not, were not tempted by the allurements of the "shadowgraph" business.

Woolwich Arsenal's failure to bring off its match with Bristol City was a case in point. The Plumstead club, the directors of which have hands more than full at the moment. They are still inspired by that lofty—some say Quixotical—ambition to get into the First Division of the Football League Competition, and certainly their somewhat paternal dream looks like being realised. The Arsenal directors are of a more realistic, inasmuch as they "think Imperial."

They long to be able to say, with James I. of Scotland, "Come one, come all." We are afraid, however, that the days of such greatly superior sides as Preston North End and Kenton are gone, never to return. The modern professional football team, like the modern man, is, as a rule, jerry built in a hurry. The material is not so good, fit, and is put together by unskillful hands. That is why teams that are at the top of the tree one season are grovelling at the roots the next. These words are not uttered in special reference to the Arsenal Club—a very deserving and most capably managed team—but in general observation on the vanity of the average football club, as it wishes. Whether the Arsenal Club, as champions of the First Division, would be any happier than they are at present is a much debated and still debatable point. At any rate, the Arsenal seem almost certain of promotion, more especially as Preston North End met with their second defeat on Saturday. The Arsenal's public relations cashier club is stumbling but seldom during its hazardous race to the First Division recalls the days of Major Lydall and John Wood, when the side went through a whole season without once tasting defeat. Walter Arnott, undoubtedly the greatest back that ever kicked a ball, summed up the Preston North End team of that day in the following pregnant words, "There's nothing like it, nor ever can be."

The First League Clubs.

Bury, winners of the Football Association Cup last year by means of a record score, are sixth from the bottom of the Football League First Division table, while Derby County, who were the champions at the Crystal Palace last April, are immediately below them. Cup merit is not League merit, it must be borne in mind, and either of these two clubs might easily figure in this year's final without disturbing public opinion to any great extent. Nevertheless—both have been thrashed on Saturday—Bury by Sunderland by 5 to 0, and Derby County by Sheffield United by 5 to 3—the latter at Derby. The manner in which the two Sheffield clubs have clung together at the top of the table so far this season is remarkable. And that they maintain their present form until the finish of the season will be a very serious thing in itself towards the end of April. There are still quite half a dozen clubs well in the running for the championship, the competition for which is proving more than usually interesting this year.

Spurs' Brilliant Victory.

There were two very astonishing results in the Southern League series of matches on Saturday. One was the defeat of Plymouth Argyle by Tottenham Hotspur, at Plymouth, by 3 to 1, the other the victory of New Brighton over Millwall, at Millwall, by 2 to nil. It has been stated that the

PAST WINNERS AT WINDSOR.

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TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

Table with 2 columns: Race details and results. Includes entries for Mr. J. J. M. M. M., Mr. J. J. M. M. M., and others.

WINDSOR MEETING.

Table with 2 columns: Race details and results. Includes entries for Mr. J. J. M. M. M., Mr. J. J. M. M. M., and others.

NEWS FROM NEWMARKET.

Horses Who Will Prosper in the Future.

If one is to be guided by the present meteorological surroundings at the metropolis of the turf, it is any odds on skating against racing. A change would be most welcome to our trainers, who are weary of the London Handicap shortly to be published. When the state of the going is suitable some of the two-year-olds that are rejected at present will be sent along at a good pace of speed. I have for some time noticed several that I consider to be very promising youngsters, and these shall be referred to as they come into the ring.



## SUNDAY TREASURE SEEKING—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.



Humorous and other features of yesterday's hunt for the "Weekly Dispatch" £3,000 hidden treasure discs.

## FOG THE SPOIL SPORT.

(Continued from page 11.)

Millwall players did not take the game seriously, believing that it could not be considered a League match. If that were the case they were guilty of much foolishness, and the New Brompton players are none the less to be congratulated on taking the chances that came their way. The Spurs' victory was a truly brilliant one, for the Argyle had won at Tottenham early in the season. The result augurs well for the North London club's Cup tussle with Everton, at Everton, on February 6. For this the London players will train specially at Leigh-on-Sea and Stockport, and if they survive the ordeal the entire football world will congratulate them, for they are great favourites everywhere.

To-day's North and South match, at Plumstead, for which the teams will be found elsewhere, should draw a very large crowd of those who like pure football without much consideration of side. The Northern host looks very formidable on paper, although it may not display so many pretty methods as that opposed to it. The Southern forwards will doubtless show great skill in tactics, but it must be remembered that they will have opposed to them five of the very best defenders in England. The North should win, but not easily.

## SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

## MILLWALL v. NEW BROMPTON.

Although the match between the above teams at Millwall was brought to a definite conclusion on Saturday, it could hardly be termed a success. So far as the spectators were concerned, they could see very little of what was going on, except when the game was being contested in their immediate vicinity. The exchanges were fairly even, and with both goals frequently attacked there was plenty of excitement for those who had posted themselves behind one or other of the goals. In the first half nothing could be seen after the first few minutes, during which Joyce and Clutterbuck both had to save. Afterwards, with the fog a trifle less dense, New Brompton were occasionally seen to advantage. Both Leigh and Boucher scored in the first twenty minutes, and Maxwell missed a chance of scoring for Millwall from a penalty kick. The home team, who pressed up to the end without result, were beaten by 2 to 0.

## FULHAM v. KETERING.

Although it was considered advisable to start this game at Fulham, fog was very prevalent, and only glimpses of the play could be seen from any one point. The game was continued up to the interval, during which each team scored once. Then the fog became denser, and the match had to be abandoned. Fletcher scored for Fulham ten minutes from the start, and Morris equalised at the end of half an hour. Anderson, who has recently been transferred from Woolwich Arsenal, made a creditable debut at outside left.

## PLYMOUTH ARGYLE v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.

At Plymouth some eight thousand spectators assembled to witness the meeting of these sides.

Robinson was away from the Plymouth goal, and Tottenham lacked the services of Woodward. The Argyle were the first to score, through Anderson, but Brearley and Copeland responded, and at the interval the Hotspur were leading by two goals to one. In the second half the Hotspur scored by the aid of Brearley. The Argyle did most of the attacking, but Williams kept a fine goal, and Tottenham Hotspur won a splendid game by three goals to one.

## SOUTHAMPTON v. SWINDON.

Playing at home, Southampton won by 2 goals to nil. Clawley and Evans were absent from the home team, for whom Byrne kept goal for the first time. During the opening half Southampton did most of the attacking, but the Swindon goalkeeper was in fine form, and effected some brilliant clearances, only being beaten once by Wood. The second half was stubbornly contested, but Swindon could make little impression on the home defence, and with Hedley adding a second goal the Saints won as stated.

## BRISTOL ROVERS v. NORTHAMPTON.

A draw of one goal each was the result of this match at Bristol. Both teams were at full strength. During the first half the exchanges went slightly in favour of the Rovers, but at the interval nothing had been scored. Early in the second half Smith opened the scoring for the home team, and about twenty-five minutes later York equalised. Some exciting play followed, but, try as they would, neither side could gain the winning goal.

## BRIGHTON AND HOVE ALBION v. PORTSMOUTH.

This match, at Brighton, proved a strong attraction, there being fully eight thousand people present. With the wind and slope in their favour, the Albion at once attacked, but Portsmouth were the first to score through Murray. In the second half Rushton scored for the Albion just on time, and the game ended in a draw of one goal each.

## WELLINGBOROUGH v. BRENTFORD.

In fine weather, and before some two thousand spectators, these sides met at Wellingborough. In the opening half Brentford had the better of the exchanges, but failed to score, while, just before the interval, Murray goit through for the home side. After change of ends Wellingborough did most of the pressing, and, McDonald scoring, the "Cobblers" won by two goals to nil.

## READING v. WEST HAM UNITED.

Shortly after change of ends this match, at Reading, had to be stopped owing to the density of the fog. At that point the score stood at one goal each, Lyon having got through for the United, and Good for Reading.

## QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS v. LUTON.

In consequence of a thick fog, this match, which should have taken place at Kensal Rise, had to be postponed.

## SATURDAY'S RESULTS IN BRIEF.

## ASSOCIATION.

## LEAGUE I.

Sunderland (h), 6; Bury, 0.  
Sheffield United, 5; Derby County (h), 3.  
Newcastle United, 3; Stoke (h), 2.

Sheffield Wednesday (h), 3; Blackburn Rovers, 1.  
West Bromwich Albion (h), 2; Liverpool, 2.  
Everton (h), 1; Aston Villa, 0.  
Notts Forest (h), 5; Wolverhampton Wanderers, 0.  
Small Heath (h), 2; Middlesbrough, 2.  
Manchester City (h), 5; Notts County, 0.

## LEAGUE II.

Barnsley (h), 2; Burton United, 1.  
Bolton Wanderers (h), 4; Grimsby, 0.  
Gainsborough Trinity, 1; Lincoln City (h), 0.  
Burnley (h), 2; Preston North End, 1.  
Chesterfield (h), 2; Leicester Fosse, 0.  
Stockport (h), 2; Blackpool, 1.  
Glossop (h), 4; Burslem Port Vale, 1.  
Bradford City (h), 3; Manchester United, 3.  
Woolwich Arsenal v. Bristol City, abandoned through fog.

## SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

Wellingborough (h), 2; Brentford, 0.  
New Brompton, 2; Millwall, (h), 0.  
Queen's Park Rangers (h) v. Luton, abandoned through fog.

Reading (h), 1; West Ham United, 1. Play stopped.  
Southampton (h), 2; Swindon, 0.  
Brighton and Hove Albion (h), 1; Portsmouth, 1.  
Norwich City, 1; Kettering, 1. Play abandoned.  
Bristol Rovers (h), 1; Northampton, 1.  
Tottenham Hotspur, 5; Plymouth Argyle (h), 1.

## DIVISION II.

Swindon Reserves (h), 3; Southampton Reserves, 1.

## AMATEUR CUP.

## FIRST ROUND COMPETITION PROPER.

Maldenhead Norfolkians (h), 5; Tunbridge Wells, 1.  
Whiteheads (Weymouth), 2; Poole (h), nil.  
Faulton Rovers (h), 3; Lowestoft, nil.  
West Hampstead v. Croydon. Postponed.  
Swansea (h), 1; King's Lynn, nil. Game stopped.  
Darlington (h), 1; West Hartlepool, 1.  
Blackburn (h), 3; St. Albans, nil.  
Bishop Auckland, 2; South Bank (h), nil.  
Sheffield, 5; Heston, 3.

## MIDLAND LEAGUE.

Hinckley, 3; Rotham, 2.  
Newark, 1; Lincoln City (h), 1.  
Sheffield Wednesday R., 5; Gresley Rovers, 0.  
West of Scotland, 3 pts.; Glasgow University (h), nil.  
Sheffield United R., 4; Derby County R., 2.  
Doncaster Rovers, 2; Denaby United, 1.  
Chesterfield R., 3; Whitwick White Cross, 0.

## SCOTTISH CUP.

Nithdale Wanderers, 2; Kilmarlock, 2.  
St. Mirren, 2; Ayr, 0.  
Motherwell, 2; Raeburn Thistle, 1.  
St. Bernard's, 2; West Calder, 1.  
Leith, 2; Port Glasgow, 1.  
Glasgow Rangers, 2; Aberdeen, 1.  
Dundee, 3; Queen's Park, 0.  
Glasgow Rangers, 3; Heart of Midlothian, 2.

## SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Celtic, 6; Greenock Morton, 1.

## RUGBY.

Durham (h), 15 pts.; Northumbria, 6 pts.  
Yorkshire (h), 17 pts.; Cumberland, nil.  
West of Scotland, 3 pts.; Glasgow University (h), nil.  
Oxford University, 15 pts.; Moseley (h), 5 pts.  
Bristol (h), 18 pts.; Old Edwardsians, nil.  
Swansea (h), 11 pts.; Newport, nil.  
Devonport Albion, 15 pts.; Leicester (h), nil.  
Hibernians, 6 pts.; Lansdowne, nil.  
Plymouth (h), 15 pts.; R.N.S. College, 5 pts.  
Leinster, 18 pts.; Munster, 11 pts.

## MATCHES ABANDONED.

Owing to fog, and also to the frozen state of the ground on Saturday, several matches, both Rugby and Soccer, could not be played. The following are the chief games abandoned: Luton v. Q. P. Rangers, Reading v. West Ham Fulham v. Kettering, Woolwich Arsenal v. Bristol City, and Clapton v. Gussall (Association); Richmond v. Blackheath, Northampton v. O. M. T. F., London Welsh v. Guy's Hospital, Marlborough Nomads v. London Irish, Roslyn Park v. Harlequins, Old Leysians v. Kensington, and H.L.C. v. Lenzee (Rugby).

## TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL FIXTURES.

## North v. South—Big International Trial Match at Plumstead.

Given fine weather there should be a big crowd at the Woolwich Arsenal ground to-day to witness the great struggle for international honours.

There is no change in the North, which is made up of the South Linwood of the Arsenal, who is made up of the outside left in place of Corbett, who is made up of the turn out owing to an injury.

Colin Veitch, the clever Newcastle United forward, back, will be in reserve for the North, and in place of Queen's Park Rangers, has been asked to play in a like capacity for the South.

It is interesting to note that Southampton, who are the Arsenal have each three representatives.

Southampton eleven.

Vivian Woodward, who made such a good impression in the corresponding game last season, is now resting on Saturday, in view of his more recent engagement to-day.

Below are the teams:—

North—Baldsey (Wolverhampton Wanderers), Compton (Blackburn Rovers) and Burgess (Sheffield Wednesday), and Leake (Aston Villa).

South—Cartledge (Bristol Rovers), goal; H. Brown (Aston Villa), Durand (Tottenham Hotspur), and Leake (Aston Villa), and Davis (Sheffield Wednesday).

Referee: Mr. P. R. Harrower, linesman: Mr. J. Holland (Middlesbrough) and Mr. J. Roberts (Sheffield Wednesday).

At Sheffield—Sheffield United R. v. Notts County (Midland League).

At Kensal Rise—Queen's Park Rangers v. Tottenham Hotspur (Southern League).

## CROSS-COUNTRY.

## ESSEX BEAGLES.

This ex-champion club's seven miles' race, and sealed handicap was decided on Saturday, W. J. Clark led all the way in the race, and won by over three hundred yards. The sealed handicap was won by A. J. Clark.

## THE WATERLOO CUP.

The following Waterloo Cup nomination has been transferred:—

Mr. C. E. Marlee's to Mr. W. Wing.

Mr. G. Darlington's to Mr. E. Herbert.

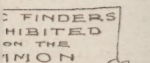
Mr. A. Brisco's nomination will be filled by dog from Mr. W. Dudley Ward's kennel.

## SKATING PROSPECTS.

The latest weather reports from the Far north and while some days may see some snow, it is believed the frost has come to an end. For some nights now it has been raining, and during the day, all the skating prospects with ice will be at skating to-day, and during the night. The British Skating Club probably be completed for on Thursday and Friday.



## CIDENTS.



asure discs.

## DAY'S FOOTBALL FIXTURES.

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we are the teams:—  
h—Baddley (Wolverhampton Wanderers),  
n (Blackburn Rovers) and Burgess (Crawley  
Ruddlesham (Sheffield Wednesday), Villars  
Wednesday), and Leake (Aston Villa).  
n. Bache (Aston Villa), and Davis (Derby  
h—Cartledge (Bristol Rovers), goal; H. Smith  
d Molyneux (Southampton), back; J. Smith  
R. Sands (Woolwich Arsenal), and  
half-backs; Durrant (Aston Villa), forward;  
h. V. J. Woodward (Tottenham Hotspur),  
impton), and Linward (Woolwich Arsenal),  
res. Mr. F. R. Harrower (Leamington),  
d (Middlesbrough) and M. T. Roberts (Derby-  
ford—Oxford University v. Portsmouth  
hfield—Sheffield United v. v. Notts  
2d League.  
Kensal Rise—Queen's Park Rangers v. East  
rn League.

## CROSS-COUNTRY.

ESSEX BEAGLES.  
s ex-champion club's seven miles' course  
and sealed handicap was decided over a  
in the neighbourhood of Forest Gate  
lay. W. J. Clark led all the way in the  
and won by over three hundred yards.  
sealed handicap was won by A. Townsend.

## THE WATERLOO CUP.

following Waterloo Cup nominations have  
transferred:—  
C. E. Marlett's to Mr. W. Wing,  
G. Darlington's to Mr. E. Herbert,  
A. Grisco's nomination will be filled by  
rom Mr. W. Dudley Ward's kennel.

## SKATING PROSPECTS.

latest weather reports from the Fens are favourable  
for skating, and many of us are sufficiently modern in  
to thoroughly appreciate the result of latter-  
in this respect.

## FASHIONS AND FACTS.

## DISSERTATION UPON DELIGHTFUL SUBJECTS.

There is positively no limit to the new varieties  
of dress, and many of us are sufficiently modern in  
to thoroughly appreciate the result of latter-  
in this respect.

## of the Latest Laces.

And, if the truth be told, the wonderful  
of such long-time favourites as Brussels  
and Venetian point, have some-  
times been these in our eyes, a condition that  
encourages the acceptance of such charm-  
ing originalities as the new raised spotted lace.  
This being lavishly employed by modistes in  
of little cloth and taffeta costumes; also  
the most fascinating capes and pelerine  
trimmed with finger-depth edgings of the  
as is used for the coat.

## of Dentelles and Their Vogue.

A brocade under-sleeves there is nothing pret-  
ty than the heavily-spotted lace, which is procur-  
ed in both cream and black. And yet another  
of recognised departure over here is lace  
as much accurately some neutral-toned or

An elegant  
Blouse made  
of white  
crystalline  
with pink  
chenille  
pastilles  
and roses  
upon it.



dresses, and perfectly bewitching little evening  
cloaks.

An accordion-kilted sapphire blue plissé veiling  
may form the chief composing fabric of a sweet  
little theatre wrap, caught round the shoulders by  
a capuchin of cream lace, hemmed with a narrow  
line of grey fur; while for theatre or restaurant  
wear nothing would look smarter, or prove more  
useful than an evening gown arranged in a  
sapphire or bright royal blue plissé brillante.

The strange durability of this particular fabric,  
when put through the process of knife-kilting, is  
almost without precedent, relatively speaking, of  
course, because brilliant is, after all, a trans-  
parency. It is, however, is no way unusual to  
find a slip stand the average wear and tear of a  
year's service.

## A Pictured Suggestion.

It was with sale bargains in view that the blouse  
of the first and second columns was designed, for  
here we have a shirt carried out in white crystal-  
line vandyked and pastilled with rose pink chenille.  
The yoke is also carried out in crystalline and is  
covered with crêpe de Chine roses and little con-  
necting links of chenille tracery.

Paris has once again declared, and declared  
emphatically, that the blouse is to be a feature,  
and no insignificant one, of the new spring  
fashions. From time to time there have arisen  
murmurs against the continued popularity of this

## IS THE CRINOLINE COMING?



Much interest has been created among women by the rumour that the great Parisian dressmakers  
are about to introduce the crinoline. Messrs. Paquin, however, deny that the fashion is about to  
be introduced into this country. Our sketch, taken from an old print, shows how becoming were  
many of the Early Victorian crinolines.

## LAST SIX DAYS.

## THE GREAT ANNUAL OPPORTUNITY

Reductions that secure to  
purchasers an unquestionable  
saving of from 5s. to 15s. in  
the £ afford to all the Great  
Annual Opportunity that needs  
only to be known to be taken  
advantage of, and the enormous  
increase every year in the  
numbers who avail themselves of

## HAMPTONS

Great January Sale of  
Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Linens,  
Ironmongery, Electric Fittings, China  
and Glass, Pictures, Engravings, &c., at

## CLEARANCE

REDUCTIONS shows conclusively that the purchasers find the saving they effect is  
always so great that this Opportunity is one which cannot afford to neglect. This  
Day, at HAMPTONS, High-class

## CARPETS AT CLEARANCE REDUCTIONS.

See Illustrated Clearance Catalogue G.T. 8, Sent Free.  
Lot No. 6. AXMINSTER.—Two complete Stocks con-  
sisting of 4,450 yards. Thick Close Pile (see Illustration in  
clearance catalogue), and other designs. These are well-known  
carpets. For really hard wear, such as dining or reception  
rooms, we recommend this carpet. Here is an actual saving  
of nearly 30 per cent. or 1/9 on every yard.  
Competitive Price. at  
Filling Carpet, 27 inches wide 6 3 per yd. 4 6 per yd.  
Stair Carpet, 27 inches wide 6 3 per yd. 4 6 per yd.  
Lot No. 16. WILTON.—See Illustration in clearance cata-  
logue, and a selection of good designs and colorings. These  
carpets are guaranteed to be of the very finest quality pro-  
curable anywhere. They are manufactured by the best  
makers in Great Britain. Here is an actual saving of 1/6 per  
yard on every yard bought, and 5/- in every 20/-.  
Lowest London Clearing  
Competitive Price. at  
Filling Carpet, 27 inches wide 6 3 per yd. 4 6 per yd.  
Stair Carpet, 27 inches wide 6 3 per yd. 4 6 per yd.  
Lot No. 24. BRUSSELS.—See Illustration in clearance cata-  
logue, and other designs. Brussels, finest quality to be found  
anywhere, a fair selection of patterns, some quite new last  
season. These are really marvellous values at lower price than  
they cost at the loom. Lowest Price  
anywhere. at  
Filling Carpet, 27 inches wide 6 3 per yd. 4 6 per yd.  
Stair Carpet, 27 inches wide 6 3 per yd. 4 6 per yd.

## LINENS AT HALF-PRICE.

See Illustrated Clearance Catalogue  
G.T. 8, Sent Free.  
3,500 Irish Damask Table Cloths of all sizes to be cleared at half-price as follows:—  
2yds. by 2yds. (Usual price each 6/9 6/9 12/9 16/9 20/-) 3yds. by 2yds. (Usual price each 22/6 26/9 32/6 38/6 44/6 50/-)  
2yds. by 2yds. (Usual price each 3/11 4/11 4/9 6/11 8/11 10/9) 3yds. by 2yds. (Usual price each 28/6 30/- 36/6 42/- 50/- 60/-)  
2yds. by 2yds. (Usual price each 8/9 10/6 12/6 16/9 20/-) 3yds. by 2yds. (Usual price each 12/9 15/9 18/9 22/9 25/9 31/6)  
2yds. by 2yds. (Usual price each 10/- 12/6 15/6 20/-) 3yds. by 2yds. (Usual price each 30/- 36/6 42/- 50/- 60/-)  
2yds. by 2yds. (Usual price each 11/9 13/9 16/9 20/-) 3yds. by 2yds. (Usual price each 36/6 42/- 50/- 60/-)  
And many larger sizes at proportionate prices. Nearly all the medium and best Numbers are of Jas. Coulton and Co.'s  
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# Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

## CHAPTER LII. Continued.

Appeal to every sentiment had failed—to reason, to paternal affection, to honour, to his love of Maria. Sir John was obstinate. A year ago he had been weak and very ill, and he had not been able to cling to his resolve with the tenacity of to-day. Now he was seemingly strong, physically and mentally, and grimly cool and matter of fact. There was an ominous reserve in his manner and his speech; and he repeated as a formula those words that had never ceased to ring in the young man's ears—"There is only one thing to be done. I must confess!"

They did not argue now; there was no appeal. They both fully understood one another. Sir John was quite fair; he did not accuse his son, for, as he said, he was not fit to judge anyone. He had sinned, and his soul and God were of more account than all the world, even though the world included Philip and Maria. He was not a Chesney; he was a fraud and a humbug, a man who had stolen a name from a dead man, and was now himself going down into the dark valley of the shadow. That was all.

Philip saw the position and quailed before it.

"I rely upon you!"

Philip did not speak; he had nothing to say. His father relied upon him to help him to face the scorn and ignominy of exposure. He—he, Philip Chesney—was called upon to blazon forth the fact that his father was a common impostor, a thief, a gigantic humbug; to shout aloud that he was not a Chesney, but a wastrel, named Walter, the son of a renegade priest and a faithless wife; to resign his commission, to hide his head with shame and go away—far away, never to raise his head again and look an honest man in the face; to become poor, penniless—he who had done great things and wore the V.C. and the D.S.O. on his breast. He—Philip Chesney of the 22nd Hussars! And this was expected of him! This!

"I rely on you," Sir John had said.

Yes, the sword of Damocles had indeed fallen. What would they say—those good fellows of the 22nd? The messes—the clubs—the men he knew? They would hear it at Oxford. The newspapers would be full of it. His name and face and career would be the butt of the country. What would Jocelyn say? Jocelyn would probably laugh. And Maria? Good God—Maria? She would know him to be a low scoundrel of an impostor. She who had married him!

No—a thousand times, no! He could never do it. He dare not face it.

"Look here," he said in a voice that rose little above a whisper, "I can't prevent your doing anything you like, though, by heaven, no one would blame me if I shut you up in a lunatic asylum or killed you. No one, I say. A man in a hole may do anything."

"Philip! Philip—my son!"

"I am no son of yours. Let us end the farce. You have broken all bonds between us. Go on, do all you want or can do; drag your name and mine and Maria's in the mud!"

"Stop—Philip, what are you saying?"

"Confess that you are a criminal impostor, shout it aloud to the four winds, wallow in your atonement—I cannot prevent you. Save your wretched soul! I am not able to stop you. But, do not expect me to help you, do not expect me to live to see your degradation. No, sir, this is the end. You want to die comfortably; well, you can have your way. I hope you'll consider the sacrifice worth it. I'd better send Lyle into you. He'll not be able to advise you on the details. Good-bye—"

He strode towards the door.

The old man stretched out his hands. "Philip, come back! Where are you going? Philip!"

He stopped with his hand on the door handle and swung round.

"If I were not such an infernal coward," he said, "I should kill you before you brought ruin and disgrace upon me. But I can't do that. No, by Heaven, I dare not! But I can do something else, at any rate. Oh, you shall save your soul! I won't stand in your way. I hope you'll enjoy your Heaven."

"What are you going to do?" gasped Sir John.

"I? Oh, I'm going to Hell, I suppose. It needn't interfere with you. I shall kill myself. Good-bye."

And he flung himself out of the room, slamming the door after him.

## CHAPTER LIII.

As Philip came out of his father's room he met Patrick Lyle coming upstairs. The priest's handsome face betrayed grave anxiety; the length of the interview between father and son had caused him many misgivings.

Philip could not contain himself.

"This is your doing!" he blazed out, fiercely.

The priest looked calmly into the younger man's inflamed face; his own quiet gaze dominated for a moment the almost insane fury that burned in Philip's bloodshot eyes.

"Shall I go to Sir—to your father, Captain Chesney?" he asked. "I am afraid that something is the matter."

"No," said Philip, harshly. "I want to speak to you first. You have done enough harm already with your cursed cant. I have something to say to you now. I insist—"

"It is not necessary. I am quite willing, if your father can be left alone."

"I will ring for Henry. Please come to my room."

A few moments later they faced each other, Monsignor Lyle by the open window, serene as usual, his handsome head slightly bent, his hands fingered across on his breast; Philip by the table, unrecognisable as the hero of at least one deed of splendid gallantry and daring, looking like a man distraught, shaking with the insane fury that had his whole being in its grip, so that his fingers could hardly hold the paper-knife that he affected to play with.

"My father has remembered," he cried. "The shock of hearing of Clowes's death has given him back his memory."

The priest betrayed no emotion. He raised his eyes and looked at the young man with a kindly, impersonal gaze, seeking to magnetise him into some sort of composure.

"He has remembered, and he declares that he will confess!"

"You must have known," said Lyle, "that some day he would remember."

"You have known all along!" exclaimed Philip, with fierce hostility.

"Yes."

"You knew before I did?"

"It was I who advised your father to tell you the truth. Naturally, he found it hard. He feared—"

"He had cause to fear," was the harsh rejoinder.

"And, when they thought he was dying, and they asked me if I could ease his mind by reminding him of the thing he wanted to do, so that he might die in peace—and I lied! Did you know, then, while you knelt and prayed?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you thought me a monster?"

"I was very sorry for you." The gentle answer fell like music upon the storm-laden atmosphere; and it would have taken more than the serenity of a "You forget to whom you are speaking, Captain Chesney," said the priest, with his suave and gracious dignity.

"Oh, no, I do not! I know that you religious people profess a creed which you know perfectly well can't be put into practice in this world. I know that you talk of punishment and repentance and the confession of sins, and all that sort of thing, and you have set up an ideal which is quite impossible to live up to. But I am not talking to you as a priest."

"Then I am afraid I cannot listen to you," said Lyle gravely. "It was as a priest that your father gave me his confidence. As a priest that it was his duty to refuse to confess to me what he had confessed and made reparation; as a priest that I have stood by in sorrow and seen you withhold the light from his darkness and prayed that you might see your duty and turn from deception and follow the truth."

"But, as a man, you know that such a course would be suicidal—mad—that if you were in my position, you would have acted in the same way."

"I cannot discuss the subject as a man," Lyle showed no resentment. He was clothed in the authority of his office. Philip had never held converse with him in this mood before.

"Then you will uphold him in this mad, wicked folly that will ruin us all?" cried Philip.

"I shall encourage him to atone again to make his peace with God and Holy Church."

"And you think that your God wants the sacrifice of an innocent man's life? What is there for me? I will not live to see myself disgraced. I will have done nothing, and I must stand quietly and see my name taken from me, my honour, my career. I must smile patiently and say it is the will of God, while I am branded as the son of an impostor, a man who has lived a lie from his very birth, the dupe of his own father, a creature who has lived on the prestige of a name that never belonged to him, and been reared and educated with money every penny of which was stolen as surely as if it had been taken from a till!"

"Is Lord Clowes really dead?" asked the priest, as Philip paused, almost choking with rage at this dark picture that he had drawn.

"Then," continued Lyle earnestly, "do you consider the alternative? It is a step further in deceit, and—since I must speak the truth—in theft; you take more prestige, more honour, more money—none of them belong to you. Surely, putting religion on one side, any honest man would be a clean conscience than with all the glories of the earth."

"Bah! Don't talk cant to me!" cried Philip, beside himself. "I suppose you can't help it, it's your profession; you put it before a man's life—a man's soul, if you will, just as my father does. I have told him that he will gain his Heaven by sending me to the hell he appears to dread so much."

"What do you mean?"

"That I'm not going to live to see the disgrace. Oh, please don't preach to me; I'm sick of religion. What is there in it? It's the same as everything else—every man for himself. My father saves his own soul at the expense of mine. I say that is what his religion tells him, that if I take my own life, I shall be damned, and yet he persists. It's pure selfishness—call it any name you like."

The priest's smooth face had grown stern. In his eyes was a solemn, hieratic displeasure, and not a little human contempt.

"You have your soul, and your father has his," he said, "and we must all look to our own. And this is a question where there can be no compromise. It is right against wrong. It is the eternal choice given to man from all time, the chance of salvation or doom; and it is my duty to point the way."

"But is the right always so clear?" cried Philip, clutching his head in his hands in desperation, and turning his eyes on Lyle's angered face in passionate appeal.

"Is it always one of two things? Are there not medium courses that may end in just as great good? Is there no middle course for us? Monsignor Lyle, you serve your Church and love her. Are you sure that you serve her best by urging my father to confess?"

"I do not understand you, Captain Chesney."

Philip moved a step nearer.

All his intense energy of revolt was directed into a new channel. Gone was the hostility, the dark look, the unworthy sneer. There was passion in his voice, no longer of fury, but of appeal; there was some of his old winning charm in his eyes; it was the desire of a man to save some of the verve and vitality of his irresistible youth.

"Are you sure?" he repeated; and now the

words came in a torrent, low, excited, eager, straight from his hard-pressed brain, that thought it had found a way through diplomatic by-lanes to the accomplishment of the thing that meant life or death to him. "Monsignor Lyle, you are there, you are here, you are about to be her honour and glory. My father was one of your most conspicuous converts. As a rich man, honoured and respected, he can be of great service to you; as an outcast, disgraced, ruined—what good can he be? It isn't as if we were doing any harm; no one will be benefited; we are not harming anybody. Manvers, a man old Clowes hated, will get the title; most of the money will go to the Crown. Be reasonable, monsignor! The bare, naked truth is not always best. In this case I believe it will be a crime. I am speaking for myself—my father has lost all claim to be considered; my interests are the only ones that count. I have been shamefully wronged; surely you must see that. Persuade my father to be silent, and you will keep your friend, ten times more powerful than he has ever been, enormously rich, and devoted to the Church; and you will have gained, besides, another friend in me."

The priest shook his head.

"And, after my father, I shall come," Philip went on. "He was wrapped up in the idea; it was an inspiration. Surely there was no living man who would refuse what he was going to offer."

"And I will give you everything you want. I will build a cathedral, I will give you thousands, tens of thousands, to feed your poor and carry on your propaganda. I will swear solemnly to you that I will not carry on the race; it shall die, as if it were accursed through my father's fault."

"I will have no heir, monsignor, and at my death I will leave every penny that is not in the entail to the Church. Think what wide-reaching effects it may have if the present Earl of Clowes, one of the richest men in England, be a devout Catholic and his son a friend also of the Church."

If the end justify the means, monsignor, is that not a great enough end to be gained, just through keeping silence about a thing that has been going on for more than thirty years?"

He paused, flushed, panting; his face worked nervously; his hands clenched and unclenched at his sides. It was as if he were caught between himself by the magnitude of the bribe that he offered.

For one moment during this impetuous and unbalanced speech a flame had leapt into the eyes of Patrick Lyle; but it had died away instantly; and he did not hesitate for a moment before he answered:

"My son, I know that in the world they say strange things about us. They say that we hold the honour and glory of Holy Church established on earth so high that we will sacrifice to it even morality and truth, so that we may win a convert or raise a church. They say that we do evil things that good men may refuse to do. They say other things that are neither charitable nor true. My son, it is true, I love Holy Church and serve her. I pray that I may always remember that a man—be he priest or layman—can only serve Holy Church truly by serving God."

It was an answer; and, through all the turmoil of his passions, the deep earnestness of that beautiful golden voice in its proud, full, earnest fall on Philip's ears and filled him with a sudden sense almost of awe. He did not speak; there was nothing more that he could say. The silence was profound and long.

Presently Patrick Lyle held out his hand. His face, his voice, his whole expression had changed. He was once more the man of the world, serene and courtly.

"As a man," he said, gently, "I am sorry for you, Captain Chesney."

"What is the good of that to me?" cried Philip, bitterly. "What is the good? You are going to ruin me all the same."

"Do you think it is quite fair to say that?"

"It is true. You have complete control over my father. Anything you tell him to do he will do blindly. He committed a crime and he ought to take the consequences."

"You cannot see with your father's eyes, Captain Chesney," said the priest. "You are not of our faith. Now that he has repented and desires to make atonement—confession is the only course. You do not realise that silence means everlasting perdition. Repentance is not enough; we must make reparation as far as we can."

"And so my father chooses salvation, and leaves perdition to me!" cried Philip. He no longer pleaded; he glared at the priest with cold, angry eyes. He hated him as a man hates one who he has vainly tried to bribe. There was a fierce satisfaction in flinging at him his determination to take his own life, as if by doing so he could make the priest feel responsible for his soul. "I will not live to see it," he said, with a sort of mad iteration. "I have told my father that I will kill myself, and I will do it."

But Patrick Lyle was unmoved. He saw that Philip, in the throes of this passionate revolt against the threatened loss of all he valued in life, was not responsible for what he said, and he was genuinely sorry for him.

"Suicide is not only a crime, but the act of a coward," he said, quietly. "I am quite certain that you will decide to behave like a man. You say you are innocent of any wrong in this matter, and that is quite true. Surely it is some comfort to know that even if you lose a few worldly advantages your hands and your heart are clean."

"What is the good of talking to you?" sneered Philip. "You are a priest. You do not understand. You have not been brought up to feel the blood of brave men coursing in your veins and to awaken suddenly and find it all a lie. You have not suddenly and unexpectedly reached a great position and found that your past forego and be dragged down into the mud of disgrace and of dishonour to satisfy the scruples of a man's conscience which has been asleep for more than thirty years! Oh, it is monstrous! And coming just now, on the top of everything else! You can't understand. My whole life has been ruined by the two people nearest to me! I know should you understand? I can't talk about it any more. It will drive me mad!"

He collapsed suddenly, dropping into a chair, and hiding his face in his hands. He was overwhelmed by the insensate and fiendish cruelty of fate.

"I do understand that you suffer," said Patrick Lyle, and his voice was more sympathetic than he had hitherto been. "Suffering is the penalty that men must pay for living."

Philip raised his face. It was haggard and old. He was spent, and his voice was dreary. He looked at Patrick Lyle with a dull curiosity; it was the first time that he had seen nothing of the priest in his words and manner.

To be continued.

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